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## LITERATURE.

*The Real Lord Byron.* By John Cordy Jeaffreson. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THE impression left upon the mind after the perusal of these volumes is that the "real" character of Lord Byron, though untainted by the baser vices attributed to it during the poet's lifetime, consisted of a mass of miserable weaknesses and transparent affectations, relieved by certain amiable traits and some generous impulses. That one of these affectations was the affectation of athletics is not so much a matter for surprise or subject for contempt in Byron's case as in the case of those many men of letters who (without that physical infirmity which perpetually reminded him of one great disadvantage at which he stood towards other men, and without that personal pride which goaded him into a futile assertion of thews and sinews he did not possess) are yet constantly following him in a silly pretension to athletic pleasures which are as foreign to their natural functions as they were impossible to Byron's powers. But that the personal disfigurement which only a miserable drunken woman at the Old Bailey could mimic, or Byron's coarser assailants in the press could sneer at, should of itself give rise, however indirectly, to an affectation of abstemiousness is a good deal less explicable and a good deal more odious. After showing that Byron's lameness was in large part accountable for the fatness which he loathed, which he tried by every unnatural artifice to reduce, and which in the last resort may be said to have had its influence upon more than one disaster of the poet's life, Mr. Jeaffreson argues that when a man cannot be natural without looking like a hog he does well to be unnatural for the sake of looking like a man. But, in truth, Byron's efforts to get rid of his corpulence were due much more to a desire to look unlike, rather than to look like, other men; and it is neither an unjust nor an ungenerous criticism to say that (his affectations being regulated by his vanities) he would not have been unwilling to "look" like a sow in gestation if in such guise he had found it the easier to make women "throw up their heads" at him, or "suffocate" him with the adulation which was one of his ambitions in life. To the young Marquis of Sligo, after his recovery from the fever that prostrated him at Patras, he remarked, on regarding himself in a mirror, "How pale I look! I should like, I think, to die of a consumption, because then the women would all say, 'See that poor Byron—how interesting he looks in dying.'" Moore was not wrong in attributing importance to this simple incident.

Byron had the affectation of unworldliness. Mr. Jeaffreson goes to great labour in order to show that Byron was alike incapable of the weakness of cultivating the friendship of great people, and of the miserable meanness of surrounding himself with men beneath him in rank for no better reason than that they rendered deference to his social superiority and fed him with flattery. True it is that some of Byron's intimate friends were not only of plebeian origin, but were notably, and sometimes for him inconveniently, poor in purse. Mr. Jeaffreson says a good deal about Byron's friendship for Eddleston, for the farmer's boy at Newstead, and for the youth in Athens to whom he made a handsome gift of money; and here the biographer is no doubt on ground that is safe and reliable. Less trustworthy, however, or at least more open to question, is what is said in reply to the accusation current in Byron's time that the poet was not without mercenary motives in his choice of a wife. Mr. Jeaffreson shows with much plausibility how remote were the expectations of Miss Milbanke when Byron first proposed to her. But in truth the question is not one of how distant were in fact the lady's chances of becoming a rich woman, but of how near her suitor thought them; and on this point we have the evidence of the poet's published letters and journal. Writing to Moore, September 1814, Byron says:—"I am going to be married. . . . She is said to be an heiress, but of that I really know nothing certainly, and shall not inquire." Again, in October 1814, averring that he had chosen from love, not money:—

"I certainly did not address Miss Milbanke with these views, but it is likely she will prove a considerable *parti*. All her father can give or leave her he will; and from her childless uncle, Lord Wentworth, whose barony it is supposed will descend to Lady Milbanke (his sister), she has expectations."

After the marriage (March 1815) he writes:—"Lord W. is now in town, and in very indifferent health. You perhaps know that his property, amounting to £7,000 or £8,000 a-year, will eventually devolve upon Bell." It ought in fairness to be said that the letters which contain these mercenary calculations contain also a good deal that bears witness to an unselfish passion. But Byron's pecuniary embarrassments were at this juncture falling thick upon him; and there is nothing in the passages quoted to forbid the assumption that the man who for several years affected indifference to the earnings of his pen, and afterwards bartered for its products with a penuriousness that was hardly less than contemptible, was first drawn into his engagement with Miss Milbanke by sincere affection, and then pursued it in the hope of thereby retrieving his fallen fortunes. There was nothing necessarily ignoble in thus fostering expectations of worldly advantage which co-existed with, and did not take the place of, unselfish love. The only meanness with which Byron is properly chargeable in this connexion is the affectation of superiority to all considerations of gain.

Growing out of his affectation of unworldliness was his affectation of generosity. It is true enough that from time to time Byron

made to friends and dependents large gifts of money. But this form of cheap generosity is one of the most conspicuous phenomena of natures tainted by the worst kind of personal selfishness. To part with money when it is not an immediate necessity, and when the loss of it touches no single luxury that comes home to a man's personal comfort, is a thing that few persons could not compass without a pang who are not tarnished by the mere love of possession or greed of gold. To permit the impulses of generosity to entrench upon actual well-being is of course a much higher thing, and of this Byron was from first to last incapable. There is nothing in Mr. Jeaffreson's book more true, there was nothing in Moore's slandering *Life* less false, than that Byron's nature was grounded in selfishness. When he projected the ill-fated *Liberal* and saw the necessity for a coadjutor, he made his first proposals to Moore; and, failing with him, he then had recourse to Hunt. The overtures were entirely on Byron's side; the scheme was his; and the only real advantages anticipated were such as concerned Byron more nearly than any other. Yet when the sorry business came to an end, and Byron was so far from reaping the benefits which he expected to accrue that he was involved in a serious loss of money, he was capable of the meanness, not to speak of the deliberate and shameful untruthfulness, of saying that the brothers Hunt had pressed him to engage in the work, that in an evil hour he had consented, that he had sacrificed himself to others, and that he had engaged in the journal from good-will towards the editor of the *Examiner*, and in the hope that the unfortunate cockney might, by the aid of his literary contributions, render himself independent.

Mr. Jeaffreson has obviously had access to many private sources of information, and not the least interesting of his disclosures is the assertion that the "English Bards" was practically begun before the publication of the *Edinburgh* article. With his extreme view of the severity and injustice of that article it is not possible for a writer to sympathise who enjoys familiarity with the periodical literature of the period to which it belonged. Mr. Jeaffreson speaks of the notorious article as having proved eminently prejudicial to the authority and influence of professional critics, as alike reprehensible for its want of critical discernment and its vulgarity. Nothing of the kind. The article was a piece of comparative harmless banter, not exhibiting more poetic insight than usually characterised the periodical in which it appeared; but incomparably less heartless than many such on Wordsworth and Southey that had preceded it, or on Coleridge that succeeded it, and out of all range and sight less brutal than the *Blackwood* attacks on Keats and Shelley. Moreover, the book of which it was a review was perhaps the feeblest and most affected of all juvenile performances by men of genius. Mr. Jeaffreson's theory, that, though the blow dealt at Byron through the notorious article was delivered from Edinburgh, the impulse of the blow came from Cambridge, is ingenious. But Jeffrey's repudiation of the authorship, taken together with the amusing, graphic, and curiously learned exposition in the article

itself of the "law on the point of minority," are surely sufficient to criminate "the venomous reptile Brougham." Mr. Jeaffreson's estimate of the "boyish daring and the irresistible humour" of the "English Bards" is certainly as high as it should be. The satire contained much arrogant reprobation of excellent men, and displayed, both in the text and in the patchwork-notes, a gross insensibility to indisputable merit. Little wonder that many temperate persons regarded the author less as an indignant censor than as a petulant school-boy, smarting under his flagellation, and dealing out blows preposterously excessive in malice and deficient in power.

That Mr. Jeaffreson takes a high view of Byron's place among poets is not a matter for surprise. We all know that there is great poetry in "Childe Harold," but the secret of its electrical popularity upon its publication lay elsewhere than in its just poetic pretensions. The poem was clearly informed throughout with the poet's individual character. Byron's own voice was ever heard in his pages, sometimes joyously, brightly, cheerily; sometimes sarcastically, brutally, insensately; sometimes pathetically, sadly, despairingly. Byron stormed so many hidden fortresses of delicious pride that it was hardly wonderful that at twenty-four years of age he should be lifted to a dazzling eminence of poetic supremacy, with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and other incomparably truer poets at his feet. His personality heightened the interest felt in his poetry. He might "have a club-foot and bite his nails," as Rogers affirmed, but the world was resolved to idolise him. Men had never quite accepted the necessity that their laureate should live amid the mountains of Cumberland clad in a duffle cloak which concealed a coat almost as old-fashioned as the periwigs of their grandfathers. Their poet-hero had need to be a man like unto themselves, and Byron brought them more than all the splendour of a peer and some of the courtliness of a Plantagenet. To what, then, was his early success attributable? Was it that he stood, as Macaulay said, between the old school and the new, and was the interpreter of both to the multitude? Surely not. Byron was the creature of his age; he accepted the dogmas of the poetic sect that found favour in his time, and caused them to pass through a personality which was fascinating in its sorrows, and even in its sins. This is not, we are aware, to dig deeply for the constituents of Byron's success.

Of course Mr. Jeaffreson refuses to believe that Byron was tainted by the baser vices at which Southey hinted in the slander touching the poet's residence with Shelley and the sisters-by-affinity at Geneva, and at which Mrs. Beecher Stowe alluded in her so-called defence of Lady Byron. What the extent was of Byron's culpability in the only quarrel of his life that is still enshrouded in mystery we may never know. Whether his behaviour to his wife was merely bad, or very bad, we have at present no better means of judging than Mr. Jeaffreson affords. Perhaps it is true that he was no more to blame than most men who are not on good terms with their wives. Byron was a man of inexhaustible

passion, limitless capacity for enjoyment, measureless sensibility to pain; and probably it is wrong to judge of him by the standards proper to the every-day Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons. But if we have a complaint against Mr. Jeaffreson it is that he makes almost too much allowance on this head, especially where he compassionates Lady Byron for no better reason than that she could not humour a man of genius who had shown himself unworthy to be humoured.

We have only praise for these volumes as a literary production. Labouring under the serious disadvantage of being unable at this late date to write a consecutive narrative, Mr. Jeaffreson has nevertheless produced a book which, as a story, is in every page more fascinating than a work of fiction.

T. HALL CAINE.

*Rare Poems of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.* Collected by W. J. Linton. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

MR. LINTON could not have chosen a better season to bring out this very delightful book. It is not only sweet with the fragrance and cheerful with the sounds of spring, but it is itself a nosegay from the May-time of English poetry. Now and then, among the blooms of this winter of our poetic discontent, we may hap upon a song sung with a light heart; but what anthology could be gathered from the poets of the nineteenth century which would give such pure seasonable delight as these "rare poems"? Rare indeed are they in this sense. Imitate their form and study their musical word-play as we will, rare in this sense are they likely to remain. We may regain the art, but not the nature, of them. Sing high, and low, and soft, and sweet as we may, that "first fine careless rapture" of our early songsters is beyond recovery. All the more ought we to thank Mr. Linton that these "rare poems" are rare in another sense no longer.

It is strange that Mr. Linton should have been the first to think of such a book, which supplies a kind of mental solace more to be desired now, perhaps, than when these "sugared" verses were written. We have, indeed, had fresh editions of most of the old poems edited with great care; and, thanks to Mr. Arber and others, reprints of some of the old and almost forgotten anthologies; but what was wanted, and what we have here, is an anthology of anthologies. Excuses are sometimes made for books of this kind, as though they were not wanted by those who are well acquainted with English literature, and are to be praised only as a concession to the "general reader." But who can bear the whole of English poetry in his head, or in his pocket? and what real lover of it will not be grateful for this addition to those portable volumes which are no trouble to carry or to hold, and are full of unalloyed delight from cover to cover? Merely as an addition to "permanent possibilities" of pure and pleasant "sensation," Mr. Linton's book is a boon to his fellow-countrymen.

But it is something more than this, though of its other merits can here be mentioned but two. It contains many exquisite things, the common property of all Englishmen,

which it is a sheer wrong to hide where none but a few can enjoy them; and it presents altogether a true, if not a complete, view of English song-writing in its blooming-time. That period is, roughly, from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century. There were a few singers before, such as Dunbar and Heywood; a few whose lives were prolonged a little later, such as Herrick, and Waller, and Marvell; but that hundred years is the century of pure English songs, when both the writing and the singing of them were cultivated to a point unknown before or since. How widespread both arts were is shown not, perhaps, so much by the number of known authors (some fifty are represented in Mr. Linton's book), as in the quantity of anonymous songs of great beauty which have come down to us in the various "Miscellanies" of the time. It is in his selection from these that Mr. Linton has had his most difficult task and broken the freshest ground. With some, as with "England's Helicon," he has been more sparing than we could have wished, but there is scarcely one which he has printed that is not worthy of its place in this noble company of noble numbers. A few of these, like "Since first I saw your face" and "The Three Ravens," have been kept from oblivion by the beautiful music to which they were married, but others will be as fresh to most readers as Mr. Swinburne's new volume. Of this treasure-trove we can only give one specimen, but this should be enough to send others a-seeking, or to show them that poetry is not for them:

"Weep you no more, sad fountains!  
What need you flow so fast?  
Look how the snowy mountains  
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!  
But my sun's heavenly eyes,  
View not your weeping  
That now lies sleeping  
Softly, now softly lies,  
Sleeping."

"Sleep is a reconciling,  
A rest that peace begets:  
Does not the sun rise smiling  
When fair at even he sets?  
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes!  
Melt not in weeping!  
While she lies sleeping  
Softly, now softly lies,  
Sleeping."

We confess that we have not concerned ourselves much to discover how many of these poems have been printed in previous selections, but there are some, even by very well-known names, so perfect in their way that their omission therefrom is almost incredible. How must sweet Sidney have been neglected for thirteen of his most charming poems to appear here for the first time in an anthology! That the exquisite songs hidden in dramatists such as Robert Greene and Beaumont may have been passed over is not perhaps so astonishing, but that eleven of Ben Jonson's lyrics should have still remained uncultured is strange. All these wonders give place, however, to the case of Herrick, the most perfect singer of them all. We envy all who read for the first time the lovely little songs of his which Mr. Linton prints.

Mr. Linton's notes are in intention what notes should be—careful, and meant to help the reader rather than show his own know-



ledge; but we are often unable to agree with him. We do not, for instance, approve of the alteration of "good face," in Tusser's "Some Pleasures Take," to "poor face." The phrase "putting a good face" on a matter seems to us to explain the use of "good" in this place. Nor do we understand the objection to Grimaold's line "As mellow pearls above the crabs esteemed be." Mr. Linton says truly, "Surely the poet did not emphasise *the*," nor would Mr. Linton be inclined to do so if he read the line properly. The substitution of "harsh" for "the" spoils instead of correcting the metre. In Sidney's "Epithalamium" we prefer the original reading, "Keeping whole your mean," to Mr. Linton's proposed emendation. Mr. Linton does not see what mean there is between peacock pride and sluttiness; but surely this is just the mean which a good housewife should keep, a mean expressed almost exactly by the "neat, not gaudy," of Shakspeare. As to the rhyme, in days when "desert" rhymed to "heart" and "then" to "man," and both pronunciation and orthography seem to have been unfixed, such a rhyme as "mean" and "maintain" is scarcely a sufficient cause for assuming corruption in the text. In some other of Mr. Linton's suggestions we acquiesce. Moreover, he disarms criticism by making no pretence of being the most perfectly equipped of modern editors. He owns to want of scholarship, he calls himself unlearned; but in these very admissions, so strange from the pen of a nineteenth century anthologist, we detect an old-world note which seems in pure consonance with the manly, modest voices he wishes to make audible again. It would be a churlish resistance against the generous influences of this anthology, and the reason it suits so well, to deal otherwise than as a friend with any of the shortcomings of a most welcome book. There is, in criticism even, such a mistake as looking a gift horse in the mouth, and surely the same courtesy should be extended to the giver—especially when his diffidence is almost as rare as his gift. COSMO MONKHOUSE.

*Skobelev and the Slavonic Cause.* By O. K. (Longmans.)

GRATITUDE is scarcely the quality cultivated by reviewers, and yet the reviewer might well feel grateful that he so rarely reads a book that is altogether bad. It is true that a reviewer may live his whole life, and that of many years, without coming across a Shakspeare, a Milton, or a Boswell; still his fare may not be bad, though his bread is not made of something finer than the finest wheat. The book before us is an instance in point. It is not the best possible Life that could be written of Skobelev. Its accomplished author would be the first to agree with this statement. Indeed, she modestly speaks of her book as "a short sketch, and a most imperfect one." But, while this book is not the best possible biography of a noble man, it is a most interesting book, and will do much good. O. K. (whose pseudonym it is proper to respect) cannot think her work was necessary to clear the character of Skobelev from the aspersions of English enemies. Skobelev has

no longer any enemies in England. Not only is he now reckoned among the illustrious dead, but even in his lifetime the most fervent Turcophil admitted the bravery, the sincerity, the charm of manner and absolute disinterestedness of the Slavonic champion. The first part of O. K.'s book is stuffed with quotations from English correspondents. A captious critic might be disposed to bring against her the charge of making more use of paste and scissors than of her pen, but she had something better than her own personal vanity to gratify in writing this book. She writes with a purpose, and she quotes from English correspondents, not to condemn, but to convince us out of our own mouths. There is a striking unanimity among our correspondents when writing about Skobelev. They all with one accord speak of him as a hero and a gentleman. It is curious that the only disparaging words to be found (p. 126) about Skobelev in the book come from a letter by one of his own countrymen. But perhaps there is in this more of discrimination than of depreciation.

The most interesting part of this book is part ii., "Skobelev in Politics." Dr. Mackenzie Wallace has managed to write a work in three volumes on Russia in which the word "Nihilist" does not occur. O. K. devotes a chapter to the Revolutionists of the country. She is an outspoken enemy of Nihilism, and (so far as Russia is concerned) of Constitutionalism. She is a firm believer in autocracy as the keystone of Russia's political life. None can question O. K.'s right to her opinions upon Nihilism, but she appears to make the mistake of underrating the evil and its vitality. "The Nihilist demonstrations," she says, "form a passing malady" (p. 370). She also tells us that Skobelev "explained Nihilism by a defect in our system of education" (p. 346). Such a statement does not in the least surprise any who have personally known Russian officials. Russia is not the only country in which the old story of the convex and the concave side of the shield is illustrated. There are two worlds in Russia, the official and the non-official. Those who look at her through bureaucratic spectacles find that she blossoms like the rose. The "illegal" writers see in her a valley of dead bones, to which the revolutionary spirit can alone give life and movement. To the one she is Holy Russia; to the other she is the Empire of the Night.

It is pleasant to turn from the home to the foreign policy of Russia. There, at least, a complete agreement does exist between the author and most of her readers; and it is abroad, and not at home, that Skobelev played so conspicuous a part. The foreign policy of Russia has been crowned with success, because that policy was unselfish and beneficent. O. K. says with great force (p. 189):

"Russian influence is no doubt great both in the principality of Bulgaria and in so-called Eastern Roumelia; but it is not maintained by the presence of an army of occupation, or even by the appointment of Russian residents. But before England can venture to a similar influence in Egypt, let her make for the Egyptian nationality one-fourth, or say even one-tenth, of the sacrifices which Russia has made for the Bulgarians."

Russia is paramount in the hearts of Ser-

vians, Bosnians, Montenegrins, and Bulgarians, because those people know that, without the aid of their powerful kinsman, they would be like fish without water. I cannot refrain from quoting the words (p. 418) of the late Exarch of Bulgaria when visiting the village where Nicholas Kiréeff fell in arms defending the Slavonic cause. "Where," said his Holiness, addressing the villagers, "are the Circassians and Turks from whom you suffered such violence and outrage? Turks, Pashas, and Zaptiehs will trouble you no more. But do not forget to whom you owe this gift of freedom. It is Russia that has made you free. And what has Russia sacrificed to give you this freedom? Think of the many mothers and fathers in that great country who are mourning the loss of sons. How shall we console the unconsolable, who have lost their dear ones for our sake to win for us our freedom? We cannot forget those whose blood flowed for our freedom."

No, indeed, and it was because Skobelev took a glorious part in leading a nation out of bondage that his memory is dear to all Slavs—may I not add, to all who love justice and who hate oppression? But, though we mourn the loss of a hero who died so young, we must not forget the truth so beautifully expressed by an Englishman who himself died young, that life is not to be reckoned only by the number of its years. We too often see a man, grown old in years and honours, recant the noble enthusiasm of his youth; and as the river Rhine, which dashes so grandly over the falls of Schaffhausen that are near to its source, and which has at last to be helped into the sea, so, in man, the life that began with the sweet freshness of morning finally empties itself, with difficulty and much suffering, into the ocean of eternity. With Skobelev this was not to be. The world had not forgotten Skobelev when he disappeared from among us. His heart beat warm with love for the Slav brotherhood, when suddenly death took him. Therefore, to his own countrymen Skobelev's name will ever be dear. Never was patriot or hero of modern times so beloved by his own people, unless, indeed, it was our own Nelson. Of the Russian soldier it can be as truly said as it was of the English sailor, that he left a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of his country—a name which is the pride of the Slavs, and an example which will continue to be their shield and their strength.

J. G. MINCHIN.

*Ice-Pack and Tundra: an Account of the Search for the "Jeannette," and a Sledge Journey through Siberia.* By William H. Gilder. (Sampson Low.)

LITTLE more than a year ago we were told in the Introduction to *Schwatka's Search* that the author's restless energy had again driven him to the North, and had enlisted him among the crew of the *Rodgers*, which was then seeking the lost *Jeannette*; and we have now an account of his experiences in that expedition which fully maintains his reputation both as author and traveller. The form of the narrative is, as before, that of a series of letters to the *New York Herald*—a form which, though the reproduction of newspaper

correspondence is not without its drawbacks, in the hands of a practised writer gives great personal freedom without the appearance of egotism, and also preserves all the freshness and vigour of first impressions. Now it is hardly necessary to say that Col. Gilder is a thoroughly competent correspondent, with the discrimination and self-denial requisite for all writers who are called upon to decide what ought to be said and what left out. He has also a cheery way of looking at things in general which makes him a very agreeable companion, and a fresh originality of style which infuses a spirit of novelty into whatever he makes it his business to write upon; so that, altogether, *Ice-Pack and Tundra* is of considerable value as an historical record and of absorbing interest as a narrative of travel and adventure. It is also well illustrated with maps and engravings, but would have been rendered more complete by the addition of an index.

Omitting all mention of the first part of the voyage of the *Rodgers*, we may come at once to its principal geographical result. Some time before his death Dr. Petermann had finally abandoned his well-known theory that Wrangell Land extended right across the Polar Basin to Greenland; but it was still supposed by many that this unknown land might form part of a more or less extensive Arctic continent, and the whole subject was surrounded by a halo of mystery and romance which was heightened by the voyage of the *Thomas Corwin*. For this little vessel, which sailed from San Francisco some six weeks before the *Rodgers*, actually succeeded in reaching the hitherto inaccessible shore; and her captain confirmed the reports that a range of mountains extended far to the northward. He also reported that to the eastward of Herald Island there was a long open passage with a steady current running like an ocean river between fixed banks of ice, either frozen to the bottom or held in place by land on each side; and he believed that the *Jeannette* had sailed through this channel far towards the Pole. The *Rodgers*, however, effectually disposed of this enticing hypothesis, and upset the whole theory of land, current, and channel, by proving Wrangell Land to be an island sixty-six miles long and forty miles broad, and by cruising in the pack to the northward until she was brought up by an impenetrable mass of ice. She also made a number of hydrographic and other observations of great value. This important service was the last the *Rodgers* was destined to perform, for she was burnt to the water's edge in her winter quarters in St. Lawrence Bay; and, but for the generous hospitality of the Chukches, it is probable that most of the crew would have perished. It is, indeed, impossible to speak too highly of the conduct of the natives on this occasion. They not only took the castaways into their houses, but they supplied them with clothing, and fed them through the entire winter. "Rotten walrus" is undoubtedly a disagreeable article of diet; but, as Col. Gilder observes, there are occasions "when even a meal of so disgusting a character as that may prove a great blessing."

Before the *Rodgers* went into winter quarters she had landed a small party on the

Island of Eeteetlan, about twenty-five miles west of Cape Serdze-Kamen, as a basis for sledge journeys along the coast; and this depot subsequently formed the starting-point for Col. Gilder's journey to Europe with the news of the disaster. "It was," he says, "a long journey, and one fraught with discomfort if not with danger, but under the circumstances the only thing to be done." The reality of the danger is forcibly illustrated by the miserable fate of Mr. Putnam, one of the officers of the *Rodgers*, who was whirled past the turning leading to the camp in a snow-storm, and carried out to sea on the ice before he discovered his mistake. A week or so afterwards some of his dogs came on shore, "very thin and emaciated, covered with ice," and with every appearance of having been long in the water. Their driver was never again heard of, but it was known that he

"was not dead the third day after being lost, and how much longer he survived can only be conjectured. All this time the temperature was from twenty to forty degrees below zero, and he had no protection from the piercing winds. True, he was very warmly clad. He probably killed one or more of his dogs for food; he surely did not die of starvation. The floe that he was on doubtless broke into fragments during one of the gales, and he was drowned."

The difficulties of the journey were also very real. Frostbites, wretched lodging or no lodging at all, bitter hard work, and food which it would be an insult to offer to a tinker's dog in a civilised country are among the unpleasant contingencies to which all Arctic travellers are more or less liable; but in addition to these we are told that "the sun was above the horizon less than two hours a day" when the author set out from Eeteetlan; then he had a guide whose language he did not understand, and who could not be trusted "beyond pistol shot," and a team of the worst dogs the natives could pick out to sell him. "When I happened to get a good dog," he says, "it was because the one from whom I bought it had no poor ones in his lot." It is no wonder that when at last he met four friendly Russians from Nishne Kolymak he felt that he had reached the "borders of civilisation." That night they

"halted at a deserted hut half filled with snow, but it was a sufficient shelter from a *poorga* that was raging at the time, and ever so much better than sleeping out of doors. Indeed, it was cheerful and cosy, with a fire blazing in the middle of the hut, and a little of the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof, but most of it pervading the apartment."

At Nishne Kolymak Col. Gilder first heard of the loss of the *Jeannette*; but it was not until he reached Werchojanak that he obtained a complete history of the landing at the Lena delta of some of the officers and crew during the previous fall, and learned that a search party under Chief-Engineer Melville was still engaged in looking for the remains of those who had already perished, or for anyone who might still be alive. He then decided to join this party, and at one of the roadside stations found a packet of mail matter containing a copy of the diary kept by De Long from October 1 till October 30, 1881. The extracts given from this mournful record, with a full account of how the bodies were found, and a sketch of the

voyage of the *Jeannette* and retreat of her crew, will naturally form the most interesting part of the volume to those who are not already familiar with the facts. In all the annals of Arctic exploration there is not a more tragic story of suffering and death; and it is a story that will never die so long as tales of human endurance, and of devotion to duty under the most desperate circumstances, continue to be read. One of the most pathetic episodes in the whole narrative is the desperate attempt made by the two sailors, Nindermann and Noros, to save their comrades. After one of the most terrible marches on record, they succeeded in reaching a camp of travelling Tunguses, and for several days Nindermann resorted to every expedient to induce them to go to the succour of his chief. Had he only succeeded, it is possible that at least some lives might after all have been saved. But, unfortunately, a fatal misconception arose, and it was thought that he was alluding to Melville's party, which, like that of De Long, consisted of eleven people. As soon as Melville heard of the existence of Nindermann and Noros he lost no time in making a move, "but it was too late to benefit De Long and his party." All that could be done was to give decent burial to the remains of the dead heroes, to construct a mausoleum above the level of the spring floods, and to bring home the priceless records which the commander of the expedition had declared should "go with him as long as he lived."

In concluding this notice, it may be well to draw attention to the fact that Col. Gilder's book is essentially a popular account of the search for the *Jeannette*, and not a complete history of the expedition itself. For this reason no mention has here been made of its results, which, indeed, cannot be properly appreciated until one or other of the works said to be in course of preparation are given to the public.

GEORGE T. TEMPLE.

#### *The Chronicle of James I., King of Aragon.*

Translated from the Catalan by John Forster; with Notes, Appendix, &c., by Pascual de Gayangos. In 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

THIS book is no mere translation; it is rather an excellent edition in English of a valuable foreign work. The notes, comments, and glossaries of Señor Gayangos will be appreciated as much by those who possess the original as by those who can read only the English version; we wish, however, that a little more aid had been given towards making out the somewhat confused chronology of King James.

The Chronicles of the Court of Aragon in the thirteenth century, of Desclot, Muntaner, but especially those of King James, present us with a most lively picture of mediæval life. En Jaume himself almost comes up to the ideal of a mediæval knight. Handsome in person, far above the stature of ordinary men, being nearly seven feet high, gallant and dashing in fight, at least in his youth, his long reign was steadily prosperous. He added the Balearic Isles and the kingdom of Valencia to Aragon and Catalonia, and conquered Murcia for his son-in-law, Alfonso of Castile; and, like Caesar, he has left his own



record of his achievements for the instruction of posterity.

Besides the interest afforded by a stirring narrative of deeds of high emprise, En Jaume's Chronicle is important as showing the state of the Saracen kingdoms of Spain in his time, and the constitutional relations of the King to the several classes of his subjects. The weakness of the Saracen kingdoms of Valencia and of Majorca is most striking. Except from the jealousy of the barons, who did not wish the increase of power which these conquests would necessarily give the King, he really seems to have found no difficulty in his task. When once conquered, the King seems to be on excellent terms with his Saracen subjects. He speaks of them, and deals with them, honourably, and even with affection. The capitulations (the text of which is given in Fernandez y Gonzalez' excellent work *Los Mudéjares de Castilla*; Madrid, 1866) grant the fullest toleration of religion; the king observes them faithfully himself, and, if his barons break them, he punishes them severely; there is no trace of forced conversions. The Chronicle also most fully attests the fact of the early representation of burgesses in the Cortes of Catalonia and of Aragon. Before setting out for Majorca in 1228 En Jaume holds a Cortes in which the citizens are represented by four men from each town; and an instance is mentioned by Desclot, nearly a century earlier, before 1133, with nothing to show that it was even then an innovation. The three bodies—barons, clergy, and citizens—sit apart, and the citizens speak last; but what they give is granted as a gift, not as a right; it is asked for, and not taken. The King's parliamentary experience is that "in the world there are no people so arrogant as knights;" and of the citizens—

"in no country in the world have such assemblies of men the sense and worth required. I have had experience enough to know that members are generally divided in opinion, and that whenever I asked them for counsel on matters of importance they could never be made to agree."

Yet he ever takes care to have Cortes on his side; and in his last advice to his son-in-law, Alfonso of Castille, he bids him

"keep in his grace two parties—the Church and the people and cities of the country. For they are those whom God loves more, even, than the nobles and the knights, for the knights revolt sooner against their lord than the others;"

and he eagerly seizes on all opportunities of snubbing both nobles and bishops through the citizens, and heartily enjoys doing it. The strangely mixed and almost child-like character of mediæval life comes out well here. King James and his barons shed almost as many tears as Aeneas does in Vergil. He speaks of his confessions as no school-girl would do now. He airs his Latin magnificently at the Council of Lyons, and when he quotes Ovid's *Ars Amandi* as Scripture, and Isaiah as the Gospels, he believes the smiles of the Pope and cardinals are those of pleasure at his learning and his eloquence. He is the king who would not have his tent struck because a swallow had built her nest therein; yet, when his eldest son put one of his half-brothers, whom the

King had previously treated with great affection, to death, he writes:—

"I was glad to hear of this, for it was a very hard thing that he, being my son, should have risen up against me, who had done so much for him, and given him so honourable an heritage."

We could not close this book without the reflection—if our parliamentary reporters could but adopt King James's style of reporting his Cortes, how much more interesting the newspapers would become!

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

A GREEK ANTHOLOGY FROM ABERDEEN.

*Flosculi Graeci Boreales*. Edited by W. D. Geddes. (Macmillan.)

THIS is an anthologia of translations, of the type of *Arundines Cami* or *Sabrinæ Corolla*. It differs, however, from those collections in containing Greek poems only; the contributors also are far fewer, numbering only ten, including the learned and accomplished editor. Will Prof. Geddes excuse the expression of a regret that he has not included in this volume some flowers from his Homeric meadow? Scott's Battle of Flodden, e.g., would surely combine the Homeric and Northern qualities requisite for its appearance in this volume. As it is, Homer is unrepresented, save in the courteous *Ἐπίγραμμα* (p. 14) addressed to Prof. Blackie.

On the whole, the Professor is to be congratulated on the work of his nine youthful coadjutors—all of them, we are informed, under twenty-one years of age. Their translations, in spite of occasional inelegancies and the standing fault of youthful versions—viz., a tendency to miss the full force of *epithets* in the original—show spirit, precision, and that greatest desideratum of all, a full and varied vocabulary. Nothing spoils translations so much, nothing makes them look less Greek, than undue restriction in this matter. It is not necessary to wander off into the oddities of Greek nomenclature—Lord Lyttelton, no doubt, dealt rather too freely in the *sequioris monetæ vocabula*—yet I cannot but think that the opposite error is far more common, and that Théophile Gautier was right when he told some youthful aspirant to poetic honours that poetry could be found in the dictionary if properly used.

The editor would probably be glad to be judged by his trochaic version (patriotically placed at the beginning) of "Scots wha hae;" and readers of the ACADEMY will be glad, I think, to see a specimen of this very spirited adaptation:

νῦν γὰρ ἄμαρ, νῦν τε καὶρός·  
λεῦσσε' ὅπως Ἀρης κυδοιμεί·  
λεῦσσε, τῇδ' Ἰλαί τυράννου,  
δεσμός ἤδ' ἐπημονά·  
τίς ποτ' ἐν τλαίῃ προδοῖναι;  
τίς ταφῆς δειλοῦ κυρήσαι;  
τίς δὲ δουλεύειν ἀνάσχει;  
ὅψ' ἴτω παλιντροπος.

There is more force in this than in the Professor's iambics, good as they are. Let us take as a specimen the familiar scene from "Othello," act V. :—

"Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed;  
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,  
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.  
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;  
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,  
And he retires—where should Othello go?"

μὴ δὲ φοβεῖσθ', ἦν κἀμ' ἰσθ' ὀπλισμένον.  
ἐγγὺς τὸ τέρμα, καὶ θάλαλλον ἐκτελῶ  
τοῦμου βίου, νῦν ναυστολῶν πανύστατον.  
ἀρ' ἐκφοβεῖσθε; τοῖος οὖν φόβος κενόν·  
ἀλλ' ἦν ἐφορμηθῆτε πρὸς στέρνον τόδε,  
ὁπερ ἄγω· φεύ· ποῦ ποτ' οὖν Ἀίας φύγῃ;

Here ναυστολῶν πανύστατον states the fact adequately—but Shakspeare's "very sea-mark of my utmost sail" states the fact and draws the picture of the "sea of troubles" as well. And this Aeschylus or Sophocles would certainly have compassed. I venture, too, respectfully to question the Professor's rendering of the last line but one—"Man but a rush," &c.—which he renders ἦν ἐφορμηθῆτε. Does "rush" here = onset? Is it not rather equivalent to "reed"? I think there are parallels for the use of "man" for "direct" or "prepare;" and, in that case, the sense of "reed" seems much superior. Othello is wishing to express the sentiment of "quantum mutatus ab illo." But before what *should* a warrior retire, if not before an onset of other warriors? There is then no force in the contrast between his past and present state. But take "rush" in the sense of "reed," and the parallel to

"Every puny whipster gets my sword"

is close, and the whole line full of pathos.

The iambic rendering (p. 209) of Tennyson's "The Sisters" is open to the objection that a burden, and still more a double burden, in stanzas of six lines is curiously unsuited to tragic *senarii*. A single repetition in Aeschylus (*Sept. c. Theb.* 977-89) quoted in defence (p. 245, note 31) is hardly an adequate parallel; and the choric parallels should rather have suggested a choric metre for rendering this powerful poem.

Of the younger contributors, Mr. Clark is to be congratulated on a stately and scholarly rendering of the opening lines of "Comus" (p. 185). Mr. Strachan renders Leonato's speech (p. 39) with spirit, but expands it unduly. Both versions of Wolsey's lament (pp. 93, 96) have great merit. Wit and scholarship—perhaps, also, some "detachment" of mind—are shown in Mr. Clark's rendering (p. 217) of Burns' satiric verse. It is too good not to quote:

"A set o' dull conceited hashes  
Confuse their brains in college classes:  
They gang in stirks an' come out asses,  
Plain truth to speak,  
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus,  
By dint o' Greek!"

σκαῖς μὲν ὄχλος ἐς Στοὰν φοιτῶν κενὰς  
φρένας κυκῶ τὸ πλαττόβαττ' κυδοιμῶν·  
σῖες γὰρ ὡς ἐσθύντες ἐκβαίνουσ' ὄνοι·  
Ἑλληνίσαντες δ' ὀλίγα κακὰ κακὸς ἔπη  
Μουσῶν φίλοι δοκοῦσι· φεύ τῶν νηπίων.

Among minor blemishes, it may be noted that Mr. Adam, in the fifth line of "Clarence," has omitted an epithet, and in the last line has added one—in neither case for the better. On p. 203, Shelley's "semi-vital" is ill rendered *δυσμάρφων*. The fifth line on p. 29 is not a rhythmic or agreeable *senarius*. On p. 72, the context makes *σιδήρεον* a bad rendering of "hardest-timbered."

On the whole, however, the volume is pleasant and scholarly, and does much to refute its own editor's rather gloomy forebodings (Preface, pp. vi., vii.) of the fate of Greek learning in Scotland. Εἴη δ' ἐπὶ νίκη.

E. D. A. MORSEHEAD.

## NEW NOVELS.

*Wanda.* By Ouida. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

*In the Olden Time.* By the Author of the "Atelier du Lys." In 3 vols. (Longmans.)

*Moloch: a Story of Sacrifice.* By Mrs. Campbell Praed. In 3 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

*Transplanted.* By M. E. Fraser-Tytler. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

*Victor or Victim?* By John Saunders. (White.)

OF my own accord I should hardly have renewed my very slight acquaintance with the erudite Ouida, which dates from 1871, when, shut up for three days by the floods in the Leventina, with one of her works and a romance by Mr. Wilkie Collins in praise of the Prohibited Degrees, I found after three chapters that she could not pass even that favourable test. Later on, I saw a good deal of one of her typical admirers, the most unliterary of men. He had brought home a *Strathmore* from India; and for several summers, on very hot afternoons, he used to bring it out into the garden (by this time he must almost have finished it), and with much sleepy pomposity indulge in congenial glimpses of High Life. Select instructive passages were graciously read aloud, all protests were repressed as grossly plebeian, and I had much ado to restrain my vulgar mirth till he had dozed off. Many of these elegant extracts seem to revive in the pages of *Wanda*; but, however much Ouida reproduces herself, she does not fail to reproduce other people. In fact, one feels one has read it all before. The picture of Russian peasant life is founded on Tourgenieff, the hero's character probably on Stendahl's *Le Rouge et le Noir*, the heroine and main interest of the book are from Werner's *Glück-auf*, and the scenery from another of his novels. There is no great harm in this after all. The plot is direct, continuous, and regular. Amid the gross affectations and vulgarities of style, there are many natural and vivid touches of description, and some moral reflections of real originality and value. *Wanda* is not in the least improper; it is aggressively, almost uproariously, moral. True, the Tourgenieff opening is rather ominous. Prince Zabaroff, crossing the steppes, stops to change horses on what he is surprised to hear is one of his vast estates. An old woman rushes forward, introduces a Boy, and directly retires into her house and shuts the door. The Prince is informed by the Moujiks that ten years ago he had rested for the night at that village. However, we must not complain, as it seems that male beauty, according to Ouida, is the appanage of the baseborn. The long episode where a beautiful Devil's-Dam attempts in vain the seduction of the married hero is a vulgar travesty of the worst features of Balzac. This young serf, Vassia Kasan, re-appearing—palpably enough—under the forged name of the Marquis de Sabran, a heartless boulevardier, wins the astoundingly rich and painfully high-born Austrian Countess Wanda. Here we felt really interested in the admirable analysis of his Persian and Russian traits, as they find congenial soil in his new courtly magnificent

life. At last the secret of his birth comes out; and Wanda, whose family pride is of that *bizarre* kind only dreamed of by the proletarian, is furious, not so much at his deceit, as at his effrontery in "begetting her those four little serfs." Of course she forgives him on his death-bed. Ouida, like a wary old fox who has been hunted so often that he is always taking to earth, has abandoned her old classical burrow, and found some fresh mediaeval holes whence it is impossible to rout her out. She has got hold of some sale catalogues of old German *bric-a-brac*, and riots among the names of Renaissance artists and craftsmen known and obscure. Wanda pokes the grate by A (andirons by B), with a poker by the great C; or, swooning over the harpsichord by D, staunches the tears that fall on an illuminated score by E with a priceless *mouchoir* by the nuns of F. This trash, which makes up nearly a third of the book, is probably most of it all wrong, but it is not worth tracing out. Of her more usual flowers of learning we have culled a few of the brightest from the first volume. The "Fohn" (for Föhn), "Mdme. Laballe" (for Lamballe), "baccara" once improved thus "baccara," "gloxianas" (for gloxinias), portrait by "Mackart," "Scylla" (for Sulla), &c. We are twice warned against eating "false cryptograms"—i.e., toadstools. The convent bells "chime a *Lans Deus*" worthy of the learned Claimant; and Wanda is her own steward and lawyer, because "*Qui facit per alium facit per se* had been early taught to her, and she never forgot it." "Superficial knowledge is a *cryptogram* of the rankest kind." Wanda wears "an old gold girdle with an enamelled missal hung to it." The North-German secular Canoness is somehow a strict Ultramontane, and quotes George Herbert; but then all Ouida's Germans are so terribly English. Her French marquis is created a Hungarian count, by a strange knighting, or rather Counting, with a sword—"Rise Graf von Idrac." Our last is a perfect gem. The hero is dismissed (or, rather, pettishly dismisses himself) from college; and, as she has now got to the eternal city of Victor Hugo, Ouida thinks she may as well "lay over" him, as the Americans would say.

"The boy went to Paris.  
Would it be any fault of his what he became?  
He told himself—No.  
It would lie with the dead; and with Paris."

After all this Goosey, goosey, gander! rubbish, one is apt to overrate a book like *In the Olden Time*. It is a carefully studied and well written story of the Peasants' War of 1525. We have only found one error. The Hohenzollerns were never mere "Nuremberg traders." Though Friedrich was Burgraf, he was a knight of high degree. The opening village-church scene, with the fervid eloquence of the new preacher and the stolid congregation refreshing themselves with long pulls at the beer-cans placed under the benches, is charming. The leper, with his deep experienced faith, is indeed a striking figure, and worthy of more elaboration.

A colonial novel by a colonial author is at first sight a good thing. Mrs. Praed's descriptions are lively and her portraits excellent;

but *Moloch*, as its name imports, is a direful book. It is in three parts, called "The Invocation," "Led Forth to Sacrifice," and "Passing Through the Fire." Miss Moloch—her name is Ginevra—is not a nice person. The Colonel is the worst of his notoriously immoral rank. A *table d'hôte* at Sydney opens the Invocation. The Colonel is about to sail for Europe. Ginevra—a paragon reared in the mountains on Science, Art, and Atheism—comes singing through the window. The Colonel is impressed. He follows her to the garden. As he is a perfect stranger, she naturally begins to expand about her family affairs and innermost feelings. The Colonel, with exquisite good breeding, at once observes, "Your face will be a surer passport to favour than the list of your acquirements, and, if your eyes do not belie your heart, love is sweeter to you than learning." Though Ginevra has not his long experience of the *beau monde*, her unerring instinct at once teaches her how she ought to behave—"with a movement of unconscious coquetry she looked round at him half-shyly, half-invitingly. 'Don't you think it would be very pleasant to go for a walk,' she said." It is late, and the town retiring to bed. Ginevra peeps through all the shutters to see what everybody is doing. She had intruded into one front garden, and stealthily crept up under the shrubs, when a wild, lovely face appeared at the window, causing the Colonel, who was smoking at the gate, to shriek, "Good God! how like!" Of course he had a Past, and of course this was the lady; and of course we need not trouble about her and her young family till the second volume. Ginevra next spies a boat. Wasting no time on vain prejudices of private property, she simply "steps into it, and beckons him to follow." They converse. "I should like to waltz with you," said Gilmore deliberately." She vaguely hints that he might "give her a lesson in the drawing-room after everyone has gone to bed." She sings—

"Drink not—with fierce desire  
Thy breast shall glow.  
Drink not—for Love is fire  
And love is woe"—

and, "like a tricky sprite, splashes him with a shower of pearls." "You beautiful child," he exclaims. Must he depart? "Stay for the races," she said, "and teach me to waltz." He actually has the impudence to ask her to decide for him. This she evades, adding, however, "It is my belief that you and I are the victims to blind force." They end by tossing up for it, and so closes this lesson in chivalrous honour and maidenly reserve. When the Colonel's Past is revived, Ginevra abandons her Atheism, refuses her other lover, and takes her leave of us in a halo of sanctity. We can only hope it will last. She certainly seems sincere; but then, so was the condemned convict converted by the Rev. Mr. Harris, who, when the reprieve came, returned the Bible to the chaplain, thanking him for the loan of it, and hoping that he would never have occasion for it again.

There is not much to be said about *Transplanted*, which, as might be expected from the author, is excellent in its way. Both the heroines are interesting and well contrasted,



and the spinster aunts very well drawn. Perhaps the men are all less satisfactory, and the book is as sad as real life, if not sadder. But it closes not without hope.

*Victor or Victim?* is poor stuff. By temperance fanatics alone will it be read without disgust and ridicule. It is a mere commonplace stringing together of coarse platform anecdotes. The heroine, a lady of beauty, family, and wealth, Miss Dakeyne, of Lipstone Manor, is a Melancholy Example. When three years old she apparently dined with the family and company, and (this does not strike the author as at all unusual) the heel-taps from all the glasses used to be collected into "Baby's Glass," and the child indulged in the singular compound. This dainty custom grows, and Mr. Saunders (no doubt following some fervid lecturer) depicts the ravaging lust of drink culminating a few years after in a most sickening scene. Mabel—a charming girl in other respects—grows up, gets drunk at a ball, her lover forgives her, she repents, again gets drunk and makes a speech at her father's funeral, and marries. A boy is born. The Soul-Destroying Doctor prescribes Port. Mabel takes to tipping. A girl is born—of course very weak and puny. The Fiend prescribes Stout. Mabel drinks heavily. She leaves her home and wanders out to be a Home for Lady Inebriates. A previous episode with a "brazen-faced virago," whom she finds dead-drunk on the alehouse doorstep (her schoolfellow, a lady, and certainly not much above twenty), is unrivalled for absurdity, clumsiness, and coarseness. We might, if we chose, make plenty of fun out of this stupid book, if we did not feel that the cause of Soberness and Temperance had been already too rudely outraged by it.

E. PURCELL.

#### CURRENT THEOLOGY.

*The Book of Common Prayer, with Commentary for Teachers and Students.* Containing Historical Introduction, Notes on the Calendar, and Various Services, together with Complete Concordances to the Prayer-Book and Psalter. (S. P. C. K.) This Commentary is on a different plan from Canon Barry's excellent little book which was reviewed in the ACADEMY of January 20. It is not an interleaved Prayer-Book, but a Prayer-Book to which is appended several essays, historical and explanatory, by various writers, and of very varied value. Canon Bright's paper on the Collects is admirable from beginning to end. And Mr. Warren's contributions are the outcome of extensive and scholarly liturgical studies. We wish we could say as much of Prof. Lumby's paper on the Creeds, and of the Glossary by the same writer. To discuss the paper on the Creeds would lengthen this notice too much; it must suffice to say that it does not exhibit a familiarity with the best recent literature on the subject, while the Glossary is faulty by excess, by defect, and by error. Prof. Lumby's account of Invitations may be taken as a specimen of definition ludicrously erroneous. The definition of Antiphon is absurd, and very many words are explained in a loose and misleading fashion. The Concordances will be a convenience to many students.

*The Gospel of the Secular Life: Sermons Preached at Oxford, with a Prefatory Essay.* By the Hon. W. H. Fremantle. (Cassell, Petter,

Galpin and Co.) This is a volume of animated and brightly written sermons, whose effectiveness is much marred by the air of importance that is given to the "revelation" of what almost always turn out to be familiar, if not commonplace, truths. The opening words of the Prefatory Essay declare that "these sermons are published as an attempt to direct Christian thought into a new channel." And what is "the new channel"? It is, we are told, "the great, not to say paramount, concern of Christian thought with the general, common, and secular life of mankind." We hope Mr. Fremantle does not take to himself the credit of discovering this "new channel" for Christian thought. We think we have heard all that very many times before now. Even the strong anti-clerical bias that Mr. Fremantle delights to exhibit is sufficiently well known in the Oxford University pulpit to be no longer a novelty. The sermons are a good specimen of what has been called "the intolerant broad school." Mr. Fremantle has not the voice of a prophet with a divine message, but only that of "a superior person" expressing how much pained and shocked he is by the narrowness of the vast majority of Christians. Yet Mr. Fremantle can be wide-reaching in his charity towards any but "the orthodox." The Agnostic, Mr. Fremantle tells us, declares

"I do not see that we have light enough to affirm anything about God or immortality." . . . He persists in leaving all the great affirmations of the Christian creeds undecided. We may quite admit that such a man can hardly enter the Christian ministry, where declarations of faith are required of him such as will give confidence to the congregation to which he is to minister."

The Agnostic, it is admitted (evidently with reluctance), "can hardly enter the Christian ministry;" but "Agnosticism still leaves room for faith and hope; and it is in the region of faith and hope, not in that of ascertained fact, that our salvation is to be found." Has Mr. Fremantle ever heard the story of the conscientious Agnostic who offered up the prayer, "O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul"? It would indeed be hard to debar such a man from the ranks of the Christian clergy.

*Sunday for our Little Ones.* By E. M. Geldart. (Sonnenschein.) Mr. Geldart is, we presume, some sort of Unitarian, or an "unattached Christian" of no particular denomination. The aim of these "Unsectarian Addresses" is, he says, "to tell young people both what is right and why it is right, without appealing to dogmatic sanctions or dealing in theological refinements." He prepares his young hearers for the difficulties which their independent position will bring on them:—

"When you go out into the world you will not be known among other people as Christians by many of the things you are likely to learn to believe and to disbelieve in this place. You have a name to keep up among those who will regard you as infidels and as unbelievers"—

and he urges them, in very forcible terms, to let their lives be an evidence of the goodness of their creed. Mr. Geldart does not seem to see that he is only substituting one kind of dogmatism for another, and that in dealing with the young it is impossible to escape being dogmatic in a greater or less degree. Occasionally his illustrations and anecdotes are in questionable taste, but he displays considerable skill in adapting his subjects and comments to the mental capacities of those whom he is addressing, and is likely to have secured their attention. To do him justice we must quote at length his interpretation of the command, or, as he prefers to make it, the invitation, to love God.

"If we put it into other language, it comes to this: All that you now love, and all that makes you loving—the brightness of a summer's day, the

beauty of a winter's sunset, the joy and gladness of young hearts, the merriment of children at their play, the care and kindness and tenderness of father and mother, the happiness of doing good and brightening up the life of those who are weary and sad, the pleasure of finding out some new and curious thing, the satisfaction that comes from hard and honest and successful work, the inward peace and calm that you cannot choose but feel, even in cases of failure, when you have done your best, or of disappointment, or even pain, bravely and patiently borne, the sweetness of being comforted, or still more of comforting another, the blessed thought that we may learn even from our faults, mistakes, and sins, when we have come to grieve for them and hate them, how to be better than we ever were before; in short, if we would sum up in one word all there is in the world that has ever moved you to smiles or tears of a deeper joy than words can tell, or even of a deep sorrow which you felt or came to feel in time that it was good for you to bear; if we can come to see that all that we do love now, and feel the better, not the worse, for loving comes all from one great source . . . and if we name it with the one great solemn name of God, we shall see that this is no hard saying, but only, as it were, the unfolding of our truest and inmost being."

If we were to describe this, as we feel inclined to do, as very nebulous theology, we are yet willing to admit that to other eyes than ours the *nebulæ* may convey something of "light and leading."

*Saint Augustine: a Sketch of his Life and Writings as affecting the Controversy with Rome.* By Charles Hastings Collette. (W. H. Allen.) This is a confusing book. The author himself apologises for some repetitions, because "from the manner in which" he has treated his subject, "taking the citations of different champions of Romanism, . . . such repetitions can scarcely be avoided." We are certainly told very often that Roman controversialists always identify the Church to which St. Augustine appealed with the local Roman Church. We are never told how the author explains St. Augustine's belief in a visible organised communion dispersed throughout the world, membership of which was necessary to salvation. In these things the Roman obedience is certainly more like the Catholic Church of St. Augustine than anything else to be found nowadays; but then it is Mr. Collette's object to quote St. Augustine against the Pope. St. Augustine is a very suitable Father for the purpose. In the matter of Apianus, and again in the matter of Pelagius and Caelestius, St. Augustine had been the champion of Africa against Rome; it may even be said that in his day, certainly in the greater part of it, he withstood, or at least distrusted, the movement, never more rapid, which was carrying men from the Church of St. Irenaeus and St. Cyprian to the Church of St. Bernard and St. Francis. He asserts that the Church disapproves of practices which he does not deny are general. He would hardly have been startled by Card. Newman's dictum that a really popular religion is sure to be corrupt. But a collection of passages which show this temper does not prove much as to the actual belief of the time when St. Martin and St. Ambrose and St. Paulinus flourished, as well as St. Augustine. It never even occurs to Mr. Collette to enquire whether his author is expressing the belief of his age or working out a view of his own. He is still in the state of controversial *naïveté* which assigns a date to every novelty. Only his zeal carries him a little too far when he devotes several pages to extracts (from the Madrid Index of prohibited books) of censurable passages in St. Augustine without a word of explanation that many (how many?) are obviously marginalia of some zealous Protestant editor. One really has a right to expect better things from Mr. Collette, who has arrived for himself at the same conclusion as the late Canon Mozley—that when

St. Augustine appeals to tradition to supplement Scripture it is generally on a question of discipline, not of doctrine.

*Laws of Life after the Mind of Christ*: Discourses by John Hamilton Thom. (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.) This is a volume of essay-like sermons addressed to a thoughtful and cultivated audience. The "sweet reasonableness" of the Gospel, its beauty, and many of its winning aspects are exhibited with simplicity and grace by Mr. Thom. And his introspective studies of character, though they do not possess the penetrative subtlety of Dr. James Martineau, are such as will maintain the reputation of the Unitarian pulpit in this particular province.

*The Historic Faith*: Short Lectures on the Apostles' Creed. By Brooke Foss Westcott. (Macmillan.) It is impossible for Dr. Westcott to write anything that is not marked by a thoughtful and devout spirit. The present volume consists of lectures delivered, apparently before a general and popular audience, at Peterborough Cathedral, and does not claim attention from specialists in theology.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN has been elected to the Clark Lectureship in English Literature lately founded at Trinity College, Cambridge.

IN addition to the names mentioned in the daily papers, Dr. Schliemann will receive the honorary degree of D.C.L. at the coming Oxford Commemoration. His degree was approved last year, but he could not be present in England to receive it.

WE are asked to state that the subscription list for the memorial to the late Prof. H. J. S. Smith will shortly be closed. It is intended to place a bust of him in the museum at Oxford.

THE many admirers of M. Tourgenieff will be glad to hear that the latest news of his health reports a considerable improvement. With the return of warm weather, the pains of rheumatic origin (from which he has been suffering for more than a year past) have been much alleviated. M. Tourgenieff is living at Bougival, near Versailles.

PROF. VIRCHOW, we hear, has returned to Berlin much stronger in health from his visit to Italy.

WE understand that the edition of Milton's Sonnets in the "Parchment Library," to which Mr. Mark Pattison has prefixed a somewhat elaborate Introduction, may be expected shortly.

MR. SIDNEY L. LEE, of Balliol, the editor of Lord Berners's *Huon of Bordeaux* for the Early-English Text Society, has, we hear, been appointed sub-editor of the new *Dictionary of National Biography* under Mr. Leslie Stephen. We understand that the publication of the Dictionary will not begin till three or four of the three-monthly parts are in type, and this can hardly be before January next.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS hope to publish Mr. Walter Pollock's translation of Diderot's *Le Paradoxe sur le Comédien*, with Mr. Irving's Preface, in the second week of June at latest.

MR. KARL BLIND will contribute to the June number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* an essay on "The 'Holy Grail' a Coral Stone," showing, after Dr. Gustav Oppert's researches, the gradual and literal transition from the classic and Oriental fables about the wonder-working effects of the coral to the "grail" or "grail" myth. In the next number of the *Folk-Lore Journal* there will also be a short contribution by Mr. Blind on "May-chafer and Spring Songs in Germany."

MR. FISHER UNWIN has in preparation two volumes of poetry—*College Days*, which describes in blank verse some features of modern Cambridge life; and *Poems and Ballads*, in rhymed verse, on various subjects, by Mr. Henry Pryce Carter.

MR. J. BERWICK HARWOOD has written a story called "Co-Heirs," dealing with mining life in Cornwall, the opening chapters of which will appear in the June number of *Cassell's Magazine*.

A NEW volume by Mr. Davenport Adams is published this week by Messrs. W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., entitled *Good Samaritans: Biographical Illustrations of the Laws of Human Kindness*. It is divided into five sections:—Work and Workers in the Educational Field, Workers on Behalf of the Slave, Workers in the Mission Field, Prison Reform, Workers among the Poor.

MR. W. CHAPMAN has just sent to press three volumes of *Notable Women*, the first dealing with the leading female characters of the "Covenant," the second with those of the "Puritan Times," and the third with those of the "Reformation." The series promises to be of interest, and will be continued.

UNDER the title of "Summer Talk," Messrs. Gillespie Bros., of Glasgow, have begun the publication of a series of monthly sketches from the pen of a writer who, under the signature of "Orion," contributes "Tangled Talk" to the weekly edition of one of the Glasgow evening papers. Each of the sketches will be illustrated by a Scottish artist. The first, *Maud Mayflower's Marriage*, has just appeared.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND Co., of Boston, U.S., have in preparation a series entitled "American Commonwealths," which will consist of historical sketches of the several States of the Union. The editor is Mr. Horace E. Scudder; and the first volume of the series will be *Virginia*, by Mr. J. E. Cooke.

THE June number of the *North American Review* will contain an article by Mdme. Christine Nilsson on "Public Singing."

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, of New York, announce a series of little books, called "Topics of the Time," which appear to be composed mainly of reprints from the English magazines.

MR. JEFFERSON'S *The Real Lord Byron* was published in America, in one volume instead of two, in the same week that it appeared here; and the price was six shillings instead of thirty.

THE London Society for the Extension of University Teaching will in the future arrange its work so as to satisfy the following resolution:—

"In addition to the ordinary certificates awarded on the results of examinations at the end of single courses of lectures, the Universities' Joint Board is now prepared to award Certificates of Continuous Study, corresponding to the 'Vice-Chancellor's Certificates' under the Cambridge Scheme, such certificates being conditional on the possession of six ordinary certificates, obtained in six different terms, with these further provisos:—(1) That no single certificate will be accepted in any one subject (a certificate for a course extending over two terms will, however, count as two certificates); and (2) That the six certificates shall comprise both literary (or historical) and scientific subjects."

On the list of lecturers for the coming session we notice not a few new names, including Mr. Cecil Smith, of the British Museum; Mr. J. A. Hamilton, of Magdalen, Oxford; the Rev. Dr. T. H. Stokoe; Mr. S. L. Lee; Mr. J. Gow, of Trinity, Cambridge; Mr. A. H. Gosset, of New College, Oxford; Mr. Sedley Taylor, of Trinity, Cambridge; Mr. W. Lant Carpenter; and Mr. Sydney B. J. Skeretchly.

THE Rev. Franke Parker, who for many years

was rector of a small Devonshire benefice called Luffincott, and who died there a few weeks ago, was the owner of a library of about two thousand volumes on Biblical subjects, in many of which he had inserted costly engravings. He has, it is stated, left his books as an addition to the library of Bishop Phillpotts in the city of Truro.

THE collections of the Taunton and Somerset Institution were disposed of by public auction at Taunton on Monday last. The library comprised a considerable number of the biographical and historical works published in England during the first forty years of this century, and among the curiosities were some weapons which had been brought from India and presented to the institution.

THE Queen of Roumania has ready a fresh volume of verse.

A HISTORY of Hungarian literature, by Prof. Gustav Heinrich, will form the fifth volume in the series of "Handbooks of the Literatures of the World" edited by Dr. Eduard Engel.

*Das Echo* of Berlin says that Björnsterne Björnson, who has withdrawn for the last few months from political controversy, and has been living in Paris, has a new three-act drama nearly finished—"The Glove." It will appear at the same time in Norwegian and German. The eldest son of the poet, Björn Björnson, is staying in Paris with his father, in order to study the dramatic art of the French. He was educated at the Vienna Konservatorium, and visited London and other cities with the Meiningen company. It is expected that he will appear next season at the Hamburg Stadt-theater.

THE same paper states that a quite unique treat has been given to the musical world at Moscow during the Easter holidays. A number of peasants from the Government-province of Wladimir gave concerts upon wooden musical instruments of their own make. All the performers were self-taught, and their programme consisted entirely of old Russian folk-songs and archaic music.

THE fourth volume of Emerson's works, published by Messrs. Macmillan this week, will probably be found by many the most interesting that has yet appeared. It contains "English Traits" and "Representative Men." The former is all plums. To those who are not familiar with this series of papers we may commend that on Stonehenge, where Mr. C. is described as lighting his cigar under shelter of one of the stones, and afterwards as patting affectionately the hands of the effigy of William of Wykeham in Winchester Cathedral. For the benefit of the same, we may mention that the six "Representative Men" are Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakspeare, Napoleon, and Goethe.

#### HISTORICAL PUBLICATIONS.

THE Pipe Roll Society has secured at a very moderate price the valuable transcript, already referred to in the ACADEMY, of the Pipe Rolls for the fifth to the eighth years of King Henry the Second, both inclusive. The copy is so correct that it will only require very slight preparation for the press, and will be in the printers' hands by June 1 next, from which date the society commences its first year's operations. Messrs. Wyman and Sons, of Great Queen Street, have made arrangements for the use of the special fount required to set up the MS., so that the first volume of the society's publications will certainly be issued to members within the first six months of its existence. With two hundred subscribers, it is believed that the number of volumes to be published might be raised to four in the first year;



and, as one of the principal objects of the society is to complete the series of Henry II.'s Pipe Rolls as speedily as possible, it is to be hoped that all those who are interested in the publication of these earliest archives of the realm will not delay in sending in their names to support the scheme. Intending subscribers should remember that the trite adage, "Bis dat qui cito dat," is one that is peculiarly applicable to young societies.

THE forthcoming volume of the Architectural Society of the Diocese of Lincoln (which is now in the press) will contain an annotated translation, by Mr. Chester Waters, of the "Survey of Lincolnshire," which was printed by Hearne among the Additaments of the *Liber Niger*. The translation is illustrated by full indexes of all the places and persons mentioned in the Survey, showing who was the owner and occupier of each estate in Domesday. Mr. Chester Waters has prefixed an introductory chapter, in which the true date of this invaluable record is for the first time ascertained; and he has added considerably to its historical interest for most readers by comparing it with the Domesday Survey of 1086, and showing what changes of ownership had taken place in the interval. We are glad to hear that a few copies of this translation and commentary will be separately printed for the benefit of antiquaries who are not members of the society.

THE *Oxford Magazine* has recently printed from the late Mr. J. R. Green's rough notes an elaborate series of suggestions, prepared in May 1881, for the formation of an Oxford Historical Society. Its aim was to be the collection and publication of "materials of every sort for a picture of Oxford at every age" from 700 to 1800. A few instances are given of what the first four years' publications might be, and Mr. Green evidently devoted much attention to all the details of the scheme. We heartily agree with the writer in the *Oxford Magazine* that there could be no "more fitting memorial to Mr. Green than the formation of such a society."

THE forthcoming second part of Mr. Mason's *History of Norfolk* will, we understand, include a careful analysis of the so-called "Royalist Composition Papers" preserved in the Public Record Office, so far as they relate to Norfolk. County historians have hitherto not given these papers the attention they deserve, considering how important they are for the period of the Commonwealth, and how readily their arrangement and contents adapt themselves to the purposes of county history.

IN the beginning of last year, the *Winchester Observer and County News* set apart a weekly column for recording items of historical and antiquarian interest relating to the county of Hampshire. These "Notes and Queries" are now to be collected into a quarto volume, with a full Index, and issued to subscribers at the price of 7s. 6d. The editor of the paper, Mr. W. S. Gardiner, to whom both the origination and the success of the scheme are due, will be glad to receive subscriptions.

THE *Antiquarian Magazine and Bibliographer* for June will contain articles on the newly founded "Pipe Roll Society," "A Gloucestershire Parish a Thousand Years Ago," and "Classics in the Middle Ages."

M. GACHARD, the learned archivist of Brussels, has nearly ready for publication the correspondence of Philip II. with his two daughters, the Infantas Isabella and Catherine.

#### FRENCH JOTTINGS.

M. RENAN is to deliver a lecture to-day before the Société des Etudes juives upon "The

Original Identity and the Gradual Separation of Judaism and Christianity."

M. PAUL BOURGET, who is at present on a visit to Oxford, contributes to the *Revue politique et littéraire* for May 12 an article on M. J. Barbey d'Aureville, which will be published as a Preface to a volume of *Memoranda* by the latter writer.

A NUMBER of French writers have presented a petition to the Chamber of Deputies protesting against the monopoly of bookstalls at all the railway stations in the country possessed by the firm of Hachette. This petition was suggested by a refusal to sell a novel by M. Guy de Maupassant.

M. ALEXANDRE BERTRAND will shortly publish, with Leroux, the course of lectures he has been delivering at the Ecole du Louvre on "Gaul before Metals."

A WORK upon the signs of Paris, on which the late Edouard Fournier is said to have been engaged for fifteen years, will shortly be published by Dentu.

ACCORDING to the *Livre*, M. Emile Zola is now engaged upon a novel to be called *La Joie de vivre*.

AN *édition de luxe* has been published of *Le Roi s'amuse*, with illustrations by M. Victor Hugo himself, M. P. Laurens, Mr. Sargent, and others. The number of copies is limited to 200, and the price is 150 frs. (£6).

FIRMIN-DIDOT have issued the first part of the first volume of a critical edition, with prolegomena and notes, of the *Geography of Ptolemy*, edited by M. Charles Muller.

THE Hindu poetess, Toru Dutt, some of whose poetical essays were written in French, has received very favourable notice from M. James Darmesteter in two recent numbers of the *Parlement*, and also from another writer in the *Revue politique et littéraire*.

A COLLECTION of autograph MSS., letters, and drawings by Alfred de Musset was recently sold in Paris for a total sum of 24,000 frs. (£960).

M. H. WALLON has published in two volumes (Hachette) the *éloges académiques* which it has been his duty to deliver during the past ten years as permanent secretary of the Académie des Inscriptions. Among the deceased scholars commemorated are Stanislas Julien, de Sauley, and Paulin Paris.

M. F. RAVAISSON has issued a new volume, being the fourteenth, of his *Archives de la Bastille* (Pedone-Lauriel). It contains documents throwing light upon the history of Jansenism in the eighteenth century.

THE eighth and last volume has appeared (Librairie des Bibliophiles) of the *Théâtre de Molière*. This collection, which is carefully edited from the original editions, with notes, by M. Georges Monval, is issued at the cheap rate of three francs a volume.

#### OBITUARY.

THE lovers of literature who had the run in youth of a library containing a collection of the volumes of *Chambers' Journal* owe the brothers Chambers a deep debt of gratitude. It was started in 1832 with the object of spreading a desire for knowledge in classes unreached by the existing periodicals; and, in spite of the appearance of hosts of competitors, it has continued to run its course ever since. Many other serials were set on foot by the firm, including a useful *Cyclopaedia of English Literature*, the later impressions of which were revised by the late Robert Carruthers. Dr. William Chambers, who died on the 20th of this month, presented to his native town of Peebles a public library.

It had been intimated to him in the last days of his life that the Queen purposed to confer baronetcy upon him, but he died before the patent was made out. Perhaps Dr. Chambers' own literary labours have hardly as yet attained adequate recognition. To say nothing of more elaborate works, the multitudinous essays, sketches, and miscellaneous articles which he contributed to *Chambers' Journal* fairly entitle him to be regarded as one of the most charming writers of our generation; and a judicious selection from these papers would be a mine of entertaining and instructive material. Not only throughout the United Kingdom, but also on the American continent, Dr. Chambers will have thousands of grateful mourners.

JOSIAH HENSON, whose life supplied to Mrs. Beecher Stowe many of the features of "Uncle Tom," died at Dresden, Ontario, on May 5, in his ninety-fifth year. He twice visited England, and it is said that forty thousand copies of his autobiography have been sold in this country.

#### ORIGINAL VERSE.

##### BYRON'S GRAVE.\*

NAY! Byron, nay! not under where we tread,  
Dumb weight of stone, lies thine imperial head!  
Into no vault lethargic, dark and dank,  
The splendid strength of thy swift spirit sank:  
No narrow church in precincts cold and grey  
Confines the plume, that loved to breast the day:  
Thy self-consuming, seething heart of flame  
Was quenched to feed no silent coffin's shame!  
A fierce, glad fire in buoyant hearts art thou,  
A radiance in auroral spirits now;  
A stormy wind, an ever-sounding ocean,  
A life, a power, a never-wearying motion!  
Or deadly gloom, or terrible despair,  
An earthquake mockery of strong Creeds that were  
Assured possessions of calm earth and sky,  
Where doom-distraught pale souls took sanctuary,  
As in strong temples. The same blocks shall build,  
Iconoclast! the edifice you spilled,  
More durable, more fair: O scourge of God,  
It was Himself who urged thee on thy road;  
And thou, Don Juan, Harold, Manfred, Cain,  
Song-crowned within the world's young heart shalt reign!  
Whene'er we hear embroiled lashed ocean roar,  
Or thunder echoing among heights all hoar,  
Brother! thy mighty measure heightens theirs,  
While Freedom on her rent red banner bears  
The deathless names of many a victory won,  
Inspired by thy death-shattering claret!  
In Love's immortal firmament are set  
Twin stars of Romeo and Juliet,  
And their companions young eyes discover  
In Cycladean Haidee with her lover.

May all the devastating force be spent?  
Or all thy godlike energies lie spent?  
Nay! thou art founded in the strength Divine:  
The soul's immense Eternity is thine!  
Profound Beneficence absorbs thy power,  
While Ages tend the long-maturing flower:  
Our Sun himself, one tempest of wild flame,  
For source of joy, and very life men claim  
In mellowing corn, in bird, and bloom of spring,  
In leaping lambs, and lovers dallying.  
Byron! the whirlwinds rended not in vain;  
Aloof behold they nourish and sustain!  
In the far end we shall account them gain.

RODEN NOEL.

#### MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

Two of the articles in the *American Antiquarian* for April, "Indian Migration," by Horatio Hale, and "The Mythology of the Dakotahs," by S. E. Riggs, maintain the European origin of the Eastern tribes; the latter, reasoning from mythology, points to the Northmen; the former, from language

\* At Hucknall Torkard. The sexton said to me, "You are now standing just over where the head lies."

and political institutions, would connect them with the Basques. "The Native Races of Colombia," by E. G. Barney, treats of the Chibchas; and "The Potlatches of Puget Sound," by M. Eells, is a personal description of the great meetings of the Indians of the North-west for distributing presents. In a short paper on "The Somme Implements" S. F. Walker contends, against Lyell and others, that these are not of human workmanship, but were fractured by the grinding action of ice-boulders at the close of the Glacial epoch. A. S. Gatschet continues his carefully analysed "Specimen of the Chumeta Language," and the editor his "Studies in Village Habitations." Various minor notes of interest make up an excellent number.

THE current number of the *Revue historique* has the second part of an excellent article by Vicomte d'Avenel on "La Fortune de la Noblesse sous Louis XIII." It contains much valuable information on French life and society, carefully collected from various quarters. M. Decrue has begun an exhaustive "Etude sur les Idées politiques de Mirabeau." His method of considering Mirabeau's views on each element of the Constitution separately involves some repetition, and scarcely leads to clearness in the result. M. Mossmann has drawn a picture of the disorganisation of the Empire under Wenzel by tracing the life of an Alsatian official, Bernhard von Bebelnheim, Provost of Mulhouse. There is also a valuable contribution to bibliography by Herr Haupt—an account of books recently published in Germany dealing with Roman history.

THE *Deutsche Rundschau* for May has an article by Herr Hartwig on "Niccolò Machiavelli." It is true that Machiavelli has lately occupied more than a due share of attention; but Herr Hartwig finds something new to say. He calls attention to the fact that Machiavelli first, among modern writers, asserted that the State has an end of its own. It is true that he regarded moral considerations as indifferent; but has political science yet determined the nature of political morality? Herr Brandes calls attention to a translation of a little story by Jacobsen, a Danish novelist—"The Plague in Bergamo." The story is in itself remarkable for vividness of imagination and sympathetic power of style. If Jacobsen has written much like the sample given in the *Rundschau* he is certainly a novelist of the first order.

#### ENGLAND'S DUTY TO EGYPT.

THE occupation of the Nile-Valley has been thrust upon us by *force majeure*—the force of events. France was similarly circumstanced with respect to Tunis, Italy will be in the case of Tripoli; the rotten old fabric of the Porte is surely, though slowly, falling to pieces, and the fragments are being fitted into their right places.

The first to be considered are the sons of the soil. They have the strongest right to fair play, and they should at least share the goods of which the stranger has once more spoiled them. The ring of foreigners who would exclude all except their own small cliques must be broken up, and the monopoly of highly paid employments be exchanged for free selection and for competition among Egyptian candidates. But this is a work of time. "Egypt for the Egyptians" as much as you please; but at present the Egyptians must be trained for the service of Egypt. Meanwhile, the supervision of imperial questions, matters of finance and those involving income and outcome, the magistracy and the police, cannot but remain under English surveillance.

The *Condominium*, or Joint Control, has done excellent work; but its work is now done, It

tabulated the resources of the Nile-Valley, and introduced order into the chaos of native revenue. Moreover, during the last few centuries the fellah has never been so happy or so well-to-do as under its administration. But a rule by the representatives of only two great creditors, to the neglect of all others, was an invidious measure irritating to the rest of Europe. Nor would it be possible to govern by means of a board; the more votes the more discord. The old *Condominium* must be modified to suit a Protectorate.

Modern Egypt has suffered severely from the *latifundia*, which, according to Pliny, *perdidere Italiam*. What Egypt wants is the maintenance of that class of peasant proprietors to which she owed all her ancient prosperity. This is the institution for which the Gracchi "sedition'd" in vain; which modern Italy has attempted in Apulia; which Russia holds in view; and which Ireland will have—the only Land Act that can ever satisfy her. The most fertile of countries has been sorely injured by the absorption of small properties into immense Khedivial domains, monopolising one-fifth of the area, and into the large tracts belonging to "the Pashas." The sooner these model "landed estates" are redistributed the better. However, as a trip to the Helwan les Bains will show, there is still a large proportion of waste ground, Nile-mud buried in shallow sand, which can be fertilised by canals drawn from up-stream. The Great Valley can still support ten millions, and even more when a system of damming shall be applied to her river. In the meantime, all attention should be given to the Cadastre, or Revenue Survey, which wants a radical reform. The present dawdling, feckless system will carry it well into the twentieth century. Better pension off "hard bargains" than pay and retain them as standing obstructions.

Egypt no longer needs the disproportionate armies with which Mohammed Ali and Ibrahim Pashas conquered their neighbours. But she must have a small body of regulars, not less than 10,000, to defend her against Abyssinian raids, and to protect her Equatorial Provinces, where (Chinese) Gordon (Pasha) did such noble work. As regards the harbour on the Red Sea, proposed for the acceptance of the "king of kings," Johannes, I may say that the measure is theoretically good and practically evil. The port would serve only for the importation of arms and ammunition, and would make the troublesome "Highlanders of Aethiopia," ever a nest of hornets, more dangerous than at any time of their turbid history. As it is, the Egyptians cannot fight in the mountains, nor the Abyssinians in the plains—a consideration which tends to keeping the peace. But the breech-loader and the magazine-gun, when provided with cartridges, will wholly change the condition of the Aethiopian. It is to be hoped that the Egyptian army of the future, composed of fellahs and negroes from the Súdán, and officered by Englishmen and natives, will be built on the lines of the old East India Company's force, a return to which is one of the crying wants of India.

And, as with the army, so with the Egyptian fleet—a mere show, an article of luxury, costly, moreover, as it was useless. The country needs only a few heavily armed gun-boats to guard her African coast, to put down the slave export, and to prevent Arab piracy. Subsidised lines of steamers, the more the better, suffice to connect her with Asia as well as Africa. The old doddering men-o'-war, which rot in Alexandria and Suez harbours, melancholy remnants of past power, may be carted away as soon as possible.

The police is another serious consideration. At present the new gendarmerie, as it is called, consists of a mixed lot. There are jodelling Swiss, chestnut-sellers from Friuli, veteran soldiers from Dalmatia and Bosnia, Albanian

shepherd-brigands, and a scatter of mongrels. Far better to raise a brigade of three thousand "bobbies," officered, drilled, and dressed (with due modification) after our London fashion. These men, who would not speak a word of any language but English, should be stationed in the port and capital, with detachments, relieved every quarter, at the six important towns—Damanhúr and Tintah, Zigázig and Mansírah, Port Said and Suez. Those who object forget that Swiss and Italians, Dalmatians and Arnauts, are as ignorant of Arabic as Englishmen are. The difference is—the latter are to be trusted, the former are not.

Part of the duty of the police force will be to suppress that cruelty to animals which is one of Egypt's many abominations. The want of some active measure has long been felt, and, during the last ten years, a succession of *dilettanti* has attempted to take the matter in hand. The Khedive has been interviewed, a princess or two has been secured as patroness, and even subscription lists have been opened. But the work is too serious, too continuous, for amateurs. Here we require an experienced delegate from the parent society in London, who, in concert with a local committee, will lay down the lines of work, and will determine what ought not to be done as well as what ought to be done. But the "sinews of war" must also be forthcoming; and they can readily be supplied by military and naval economies.

Lastly, of the slave, who, theoretically free, is as much a bondsman as ever. Egypt yielded with her usual good grace the moment serious pressure was brought to bear upon her. This is her way, the way of the universal East. She grants every demand, and takes especial care that nothing be granted. Pashas were appointed to issue certificates of freedom and to enquire into the case of runaways, whom the masters invariably denounced to the police as criminals, and proved their crimes by false witnesses—a drug in the market. As soon as the first excitement was over a reaction set in, and action slumbered; this was all the Government wanted. The one thing needful is still needed—a standing mixed committee of Europeans and Egyptians, presided over by a responsible English official. Its duties will be to make the abolition of slavery generally known throughout the length of the land, and to see that emancipation is fairly worked. As for that other abomination, the neutral, penalty of death should be unflinchingly inflicted upon those with whom it originates. All their names are well known, yet it causes us no surprise that the law has been, and still is, impudently broken, while the law-breakers have invariably escaped punishment.

Egypt is now virtually independent of Turkey; during the court-martial of the rebels, not an allusion was made to the "Suzerain." It is unfair that she should continue to transmit money which is wanted for public works and internal improvements because the so-called tribute has been mortgaged to Frankish creditors of Turkey. The Porte is still rich enough to pay her debts; and, if she chooses again to be bankrupt, shareholders must put up with the losses which, for a high consideration, they have so long risked. Egypt now expects a complete disruption of the injurious tie; the living land must no longer be bound, in Mezentius-fashion, to the Ottoman corpse. She will have a fair field, and favour enough, under an English Protectorate, if only we govern like men, not like philanthropes and humanitarians.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

[In justice to Capt. Burton, we ought to state that this paper, together with the two printed in the ACADEMY of May 5 and 12, formed portions of a long article originally written for a magazine.]



## SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

- CLEUZIOW, H. du. *L'Art national: Etude sur l'Histoire de l'Art en France.* Paris: Le Vasseur. 80 fr.
- ENGEL, E. *Geschichte der englischen Litteratur von ihren Anfängen bis auf die neueste Zeit.* 3. Lfg. Leipzig: Friedrich. 1 M.
- GEISELER, Die Oster-Insel. Eine Stätte prähistor. Kultur in der Südsee. Berlin: Mittler. 2 M. 75 Pf.
- GERMOND DE LAVIGNY, A. *La Comédie espagnole de Lope de Rueda.* Paris: Michaud. 10 fr.
- HUGO, Victor. *La Légende des Siècles.* T. 5<sup>e</sup> et dernier. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
- JAHRKE, 50, russischer Verwaltung in den baltischen Provinzen. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 6 M. 60 Pf.
- LONLAY, Diek de. *En Bulgarie, 1877-78.* Paris: Dentu. 3 fr. 50 c.
- MERCIER, E. *L'Algérie et les Questions algériennes.* Paris: Challamel. 5 fr.
- MOURA, J. *Le Royaume de Cambodge.* Paris: Leroux. 30 fr.
- ROUSSEL, D. *Le Château de Diane de Poitiers à Anet.* Paris: Marpon & Flammarion. 8 fr.
- SAMSON, H. v. *"Vom Lande." Vergleichende agrarpolit. Studie üb. Mitteleuropa u. Livland.* Dorpat: Karow. 3 M. 60 Pf.
- WISS, E. *Das Landgesetz f. Irland vom J. 1881 in deutscher Übersetzung.* u. im Original. Eingeleitet u. hrsg. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 4 M. 80 Pf.

## HISTORY.

- BAPT, G. *Inventaire de Marie-Joséphine de Saxe, Dauphine de France.* Paris: Lahure. 100 fr.
- CLARIN DE LA RIVE, A. *Histoire générale de la Tunisie depuis l'An 1590 avant Jésus Christ jusqu'en 1883.* Paris: Challamel. 2 fr.
- DARIMON, A. *Histoire de douze Ans 1857-69.* Paris: Dentu. 3 fr. 50 c.
- DEVIC, L. M. *Le Pays des Zendis, ou la Côte orientale d'Afrique au Moyen-âge, d'après les Ecrits arabes.* Paris: Hachette.
- GOLZ, C. Frhr. v. der. *Rosbach u. Jena. Studien über die Zustände u. das geist. Leben in der preuss. Armee während der Übergangszeit vom 18. zum 19. Jahrh.* Berlin: Mittler. 7 M.
- MONUMENTA Germaniae historica. *Epistolae saeculi XIII e regestis pontificum romanorum selectae per G. H. Pertz.* Ed. C. Rodenberg. Tom. 1. Berlin: Weidmann. 20 M.
- MOSBACH, A. *Zur französisch-deutschen Kriegsgeschichte 1800-13.* Breslau: Köhler. 12 M.
- RUPPERT, Ph. *Geschichte der Mortenau.* 1. Thl. Geschichte d. Hauses u. der Herrschaft Geroldseck. Mannheim: Neumrich. 12 M.
- SCHLESINGER, O. *Ueb. conjugirte binäre Formen.* Breslau: Preuss. 1 M. 20 Pf.
- SINEMUS, K. *Die Reformation u. Gegenreformation in der ehemaligen Herrschaft Breisig am Rhein.* Barmen: Klein. 2 M.
- SCHMIDT, F. G. A. *Handelsgesellschaften in den deutschen Stadtrechtsquellen d. Mittelalters.* Breslau: Koebner. 2 M. 60 Pf.

## PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BETHEKE, A. *Ueb. die Bastarde der Veilchenarten.* Berlin: Friedländer. 1 M.
- HELLRIGEL, H. *Beiträge zu den naturwissenschaftlichen Grundlagen d. Ackerbaues.* Braunschweig: Vieweg. 22 M.
- HÉRISSON, A. *Les Irrigations de la Vallée du Pô.* Paris: Berger-Levrant. 10 fr.
- MONOGRAPHIAE phanerogamarum Prodrum. Vol. IV: *Burseraceae et Anacardiaceae, auctore Engler; Pontederiaceae, auctore Comite de Solms-Laubach.* Paris: Masson. 25 fr.
- RIETH, R. *Volumetrische Analyse.* Hamburg: Voss. 2 M. 50 Pf.

## PHILOLOGY.

- BIBLIOTHEK, altenglische. Hrsg. v. E. Kölbing. 1. Bd. O. Bokenam's Legenden. Hrsg. v. C. Horstmann. Heidelberg: Henninger. 5 M. 60 Pf.
- BIOGRAPHI graeci qui ab Hesychio pendunt. Rec. J. Flach. Berlin: Calvary. 4 M. 50 Pf.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## NOTES AND QUERIES ON THE "EIKON BASILIKÉ."

## II.

12 Park Crescent, Oxford: May 12, 1883.

It is universally admitted that the *Eikon* was handed to the printer by the Rev. Edward Symmons, sometime Rector of Bayne, in Essex,

\* I have no intention of touching ever so lightly upon the tangled web of the external evidence; but it may be worth while to mention that Lord Winchilsea's statement with regard to Juxon (*Athenaeum*, May 5, 1883, p. 571) has been long before the world (see Dr. Wordsworth, Letter I., p. 208, quoting from *Literary Anecdotes*); as likewise the fact that Mrs. Gauden was a widow at the time of her marriage to the Doctor (see Dr. Wordsworth, *King Charles I. the author of Icon Basiliké further proved*, p. 229 note). But it is probable that we have Juxon's own statement in *The Subject's Sorrow*, which is generally (and I think rightly) attributed

editor of a volume of *The King's Messages for Peace*, and author (*inter alia*) of

"*A Vindication of King Charles: or, A Loyal Subject's Duty. Manifested in Vindicating his Sovereign from those Aspersions cast upon Him by certain persons, in a scandalous Libel, Entitled, The Kings Cabinet Opened: and published (as they say) by Authority of Parliament.*" Whereunto is added, *A true Parallel betwixt the sufferings of our Saviour and our Sovereign, in divers particulars, &c.* By EDW: SYMMONS, A Minister, not of the late confused New, but of the Ancient, Orderly, and True Church of England. Printed in the Yeere, 1648."

It is this book which is said to have so favourably impressed the King that he drew the MS. of the *Eikon* from under his "blue watchet waistcoat," and made a present of it to the author by way of acknowledgment.

Now this *Vindication* will repay a more critical examination than it has yet received, for it contains a very considerable number of passages which present a striking resemblance (in thought, though but rarely in expression) to the subject of our enquiry—resemblances more numerous and more close, I cannot but think, than are to be found between the *Eikon* and Charles's acknowledged writings. For instance, in chap. xxi. of the *Eikon* the King is made to remark on the use which might have been made by the victors of his papers taken at Naseby. Symmons (p. 15) says:

"Indeed I believe that these Papers might have been *Evidences of truth* and of *Loyalty* too: had the Surprizers of them been guilty of these virtues, and so pleased; if after their surprizall, finding that by sinister construction they might prove blemishes to the Kings reputation (should weak mindes but chance to see them), they had presently locked them up in the Cabinet again, & sent them secretly to the King. . . ."

A few lines later, the *Eikon* remarks, *à propos* of these same papers, "Bees will gather honey where the spider sucks poison" (*cf.* Gauden, *Suspiria*, p. 245, and *Public Oaths*); at p. 199, Symmons writes, "had not themselves been of too spiderous a nature, they might have made much good use of them indeed." The King is made to compare the conduct of the Parliament towards him in this matter with that of Ham towards Noah; to complain that it was sought to represent him as a *vile person*; and to quote the precedent of David and Achitophel. Each finds its parallel in Symmons in a similar context (pp. 17, 169, 112). The people, says the *Eikon*, "by these my letters may be convinced that I can both mind and act my own and my Kingdoms' affairs, as to becomes a prince." *Of.* Symmons, p. 112: "These his letters . . . discover in him such *Strength of Judgement*, such *Abilities of minde*, and *Dexterity of parts*, that we are confident in this their divulging [*sic*] of them an everlasting check is given to that malignant Accusation." If we turn to chap. vii. of the *Eikon*, we shall come to another group of parallels. It is there twice hinted that, but for the rebellious conduct of her Protestant subjects, the Queen might have been led to change her faith—a suggestion with which Milton naturally makes merry in the *Eikonoklastes*. "Had our deportments towards her," writes Symmons (p. 201), "been such as our Religion commandeth, she might ere this, in all probabilities, have preferred the same

to him, though Todd supports Gauden's authorship. The writer speaks of himself as "the constant attendant and sworn servant unto his [Charles's] princely prudence," and as having received from the King "a particular encouragement in his profession;" which seems to point to Juxon. Still, after careful examination, I am inclined to think that Gauden may have assisted in its composition. It is oddly attributed in the Bodleian Catalogue to one Robert Brown, Rector of Sligo,

before her own." "The fault is, that she is my wife," of the *Eikon* appears in Symmons as, "Her Majesty's main and proper fault is loving her husband." Symmons (p. 247) writes: "His servants have renounced their relation to him, yea, those whom he trusted have betrayed him, they that eat of his bread have lift up the heel against him;" and the complaint is all but reproduced in the *Eikon*. In chap. xxvii. of the latter work the Queen is referred to as "having been a means to bless me with so many hopeful children;" this is introduced by Symmons (p. 204) as one of her principal merits, and re-appears as such in *Majesty in Misery*. Again, in chap. xv. the King is represented as defending himself for using the services of Papists, and his apology is identical with that of Symmons on his behalf (pp. 79 and 80; *cf.* 180 *seq.*):—

"We are heartily sorry that there are any Papists in the King's armies, for that scandal which ignorant people take by them. . . . Not that hereby any scandal is justly given by His Majesty, for we hold it not only *lawful* for him to make use of those of that Religion, but also *necessary*, yea, it would be a sinne against God, if being assaulted by Theeves and Rebels he should not use the means for his own Preservation. . . . Indeed we are ashamed and blush that *Papists* should out-goe any that beare the name of *Protestants* in duty and obedience to their King; that any whom this Church hath bred should so desert their Sovereign in his danger as that he should need the help of *Papists*."

Chap. vii. of the *Eikon* reads:

"I would to God the Irish had nothing to allege for their imitation against those whose blame must needs be the greater, by how much Protestant principles are more against all rebellion than those of *Papists*."

Symmons had already written (p. 152):—

"The Religion which the *Irish* rebels professe, is not so directly opposite to such barbarous Cruelties which they have committed, as is that which *these of England* pretend unto."

Once more, compare *Eikon*, chap. ix., "Whose innocent blood during my reign have I shed to satisfy my lust, anger, or covetousness?" with Symmons, pp. 106 and 215. I do not propose to do more than mention the numerous and remarkable coincidences between Symmons' most objectionable parallel between "our Saviour and our Sovereign" and that of the *Eikon*, upon which this is hardly the place to dwell. I will content myself with a simple enumeration of a very few ideas and phrases in a small portion of the *Vindication* which will be familiar to every reader of the *Eikon*, and which may serve as a specimen of the rest:—

"Their Militia hath proved a stronger Argument with them than their Covenant" (p. viii.); a vote of Parliament not infallible (p. 6 and *passim*); "to obscure those beames of Majesty wherewith Thou hast decked Thine own Anointed" (p. 13); the railings of Shimei and Abishakeh alluded to (pp. 14, 96); "unless their Sovereign will . . . destroy his own Conscience, and damn his own soul" (p. 25, *cf.* p. 133); the Parable of the Vineyard applied to Charles and his adversaries (p. 27); pamphlets complained of (p. 29, &c.); "whose by right the Kingdom was" (p. 38); "never King was more Christian than He, in yielding himself culpable . . . that so if possible he might give his enemies satisfaction" (p. 44); "tis the Word of God that is ordained to suppress false religions, and not the Sword of Man" (p. 79).

I could multiply quotations indefinitely from the entire book, but the similarity between the *Vindication* and the *Eikon* is now, perhaps, pretty manifest; and I do not hesitate to say that on some points—*e.g.*, the perpetual Parliament—the former work represents the King's sentiments more accurately than the latter. Now, what is the significance of this? According to one view, here is a writer who, avowedly without any communication with

the King, has, by pure accident, lighted on a great number of the very thoughts, views, and arguments which (we are asked to believe) Charles had been for several years past engaged in committing to writing. But is there no other and more reasonable hypothesis? If Gauden wrote the *Eikon*, he wrote it in 1648, after the appearance of the *Vindication*, and may have been indebted to it; and it is difficult to avoid coming to the conclusion that there is evidence of such direct obligation to Symmons' work on the part of the writer of the *Eikon*. Nay, to go one step farther back, I find reason to believe that Gauden was actually concerned in the composition of the *Vindication* itself. At pp. 230-32 of that work is an account (probably false) of the origin of the pretext of "bringing Delinquents to Punishment." I will quote the opening paragraph, which is sufficient for my present purpose:

"Upon a time, diverse of the Members were met together at a certaine *casie* Lords House in the Kingdome (who was also in his Country one of the main Pillars of this rank faction), where in like sort were present some of their Chaplaines, and amongst them there was one Scholler; who I think (truly) was an honest man at that present (and verily, I beleieve, doth still so continue); he being . . . well acquainted with the Company, and therefore might speak more freely to them, and amongst them, than another man could be suffered to doe; and indeed so did: He moved them to this purpose, while they were at Supper, or sitting at Table."

In the sequel of the story, this "Scholar" assumes the style of "the Doctor," and I do not think that there can be much doubt as to his identity. Independently of Walker's statement, we might have supposed that Symmons and Gauden would be acquainted. It must be remembered that both Symmons and Gauden were, till the sequestration of the former, beneficed in Essex; that both belonged to the very same school in theology, having passed from Puritanism to moderate Anglicanism; and that Fuller (himself, too, beneficed in Essex), traces of whose style and thought crop up perpetually in Gauden's works and in the *Eikon*, was, as we know from his brief record of Symmons in the *Worthies*, personally known to the latter. And at p. 178 of *Anti-Baal Berith*, Gauden relates a very similar story (likewise probably false) of how he heard Hugh Peters vindicate the tumults at "a noble Earl's table" in '41. I do not think we need hesitate in the passage quoted from Symmons to read for "a certain easy Lord," Robert Earl of Warwick; for the house where the discussion took place, Lees in Essex; and for the "Scholar," Dr. John Gauden.

But, perhaps, we need not rest even here. If I am not mistaken, this book furnishes the key to the history of the very *genesis* of the *Eikon*. It contains, strange to say, an examination and an assertion of the *possibility* of forging a document in the King's name, in answer to a repudiation of such a possibility on the part of the Parliament. The *Vindication* consists, it must be remembered, of a running commentary on *The King's Cabinet opened*—i.e., on his Majesty's letters taken at Naseby, and shortly after "divulged" by the Parliament, with official annotations thereon. The authenticity of the papers in question is of necessity touched upon in the *Vindication*, and no serious attempt is made to controvert it; but Symmons evidently thought that no harm could be done *pulveris exigui jactu* (pp. 90-94). I will quote the concluding passage:—

"Yet the Reader all the while sees nothing, but only that which comes from the hand of the Printer, or did he see the very Cyphers or original Letters they speak of, were the hand wherewith they were signed exposed generally to the view of all, could all men know it to be the Kings,

or swear it were not forged? . . . In a word, I conceive that (notwithstanding all they say to the contrary) they who forged the *Kings Seal* may possibly forge Letters under the Kings Name. I do not Accuse any to have so done, only I speak thus to shew that their Arguments are not so convincing as themselves think. *Forgery* in this case might be possible."

It is clear, then, that the writer of this *Vindication*, in which Gauden assuredly co-operated, had considered whether it was feasible to forge documents in the King's name, and his decision is, *Forgery in this case might be possible*. And, perhaps, it is not without significance that Symmons remarks, p. 241: "they hoped to portray him forth, according to the *Image* of him in their own mindes."\*

Having regard to these facts, as well as to those brought forward in my first letter, I think it probable that the composition of the *Eikon* was first suggested to Gauden by Symmons' *Vindication*, and so indirectly by the publication by the Parliament of the King's letters taken at Naseby. The appearance of this *Vindication* seems to cut away the ground from under the feet of the maintainers of a "Naseby copy." The coincidences between it and the *Eikon* are too numerous, and the general delineation of the King's conduct and character in the two works is too similar, to allow us to suppose that they occurred to Charles and to Symmons independently. But it has never been suggested that Symmons had either seen the *Eikon* or any part of it, or had been in very direct communication with the King. It follows, therefore, that the *Vindication* was prior in composition to the *Eikon*—i.e. (as many chapters of the *Eikon* purport to have been written several years before), that the *Eikon* is a subsequent forgery.

While I am on the subject of the *Vindication*, I may mention that my copy (the second edition), with most of the errata corrected in the text, has an inset of eight pages between pp. 240 and 241, containing a title-page to the *Parallel*, to the last three chapters and the Postscript, and a Preface to the *Parallel* of six pages, added "to give satisfaction to those who took some offence at it." The whole of this concluding portion was, for pretty obvious reasons, omitted in Dr. Hollingworth's edition (1693), and afterwards reprinted separately by a candid opponent in a tract entitled *Symmons Restitutus*. Of some typographical peculiarities of this book I shall have more to say in my remarks on the bibliography of the *Eikon*.

CHARLES E. DOBLE.

EMILY BRONTË.

Cuba Villa, Bickerton Road, Highgate:  
May 21, 1883.

Miss Robinson's volume on this remarkable woman will be warmly welcomed by a wide circle of readers; and I have been much interested in reading the review of it in the *ACADEMY* by Mr. Noble. It is, however, not quite accurate to say that, "so far as the reading public is concerned, Mr. Swinburne was the first to remove Emily Brontë from out the shadow of her great sister's fame, and to put her in a place apart, fronting the sunlight."

\* Dr. Wordsworth (Letter I., p. 177) suggests that, in the following passage, Clarendon refers to the *Eikon* as an authentic work:—"The King . . . took that occasion, to write the ensuing Letter to the Prince with his own hand; which was so lively an expression of his own Soul, that no Pen else could have written it; and deserves to be transmitted to Posterity, as a part of the Portraiture of that excellent person." But he has not noticed that the sentence continues, "which hath been disguised by false or erroneous Copies from the true Original . . ." (*History of the Rebellion*, book ix., p. 679, ed. 1720, 8vo).

Something was done in this direction—though not, I regret to say, with the eloquence of Mr. Swinburne—by an article published in the *Cornhill Magazine* for July 1873, of which I had the honour to be the writer. The article attracted very considerable notice at the time, the *Spectator* and other journals calling special attention to it. Of Emily Brontë I thus wrote:—

"She was, in certain respects, the most extraordinary of the three sisters; and she enjoys the distinction of having written a book which stands as completely alone in the language as does *Paradise Lost* or *The Pilgrim's Progress*. . . . *Wuthering Heights* shows a massive strength which is of the rarest description. Its power is absolutely Titanic; from the first page to the last it reads like the intellectual throes of a giant. In Heathcliff, Emily Brontë has drawn the greatest villain extant, after Iago. He has no match out of Shakspeare. The Mephistopheles of Goethe's *Faust* is a person of gentlemanly proclivities compared with Heathcliff. . . . *Wuthering Heights* is a marvellous curiosity in letters. We challenge the world to produce another work in which the whole atmosphere seems so charged with electricity, and bound in with the blackness of tempest and desolation."

I also gave a sketch of Emily Brontë; and the article was afterwards reprinted, with other essays, in my volume entitled *Poets and Novelists*, published by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. in 1875.

As this essay appeared some years before the excellent work by Mr. Wemyss Reid and Mr. Swinburne's powerful *Note on Charlotte Brontë*, I trust I shall be pardoned for bringing it to memory. The circumstances must absolve me from the charge of egotism, for everything relating to the Brontë family is of interest to the lover of letters.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

THE RIVER TRISANTON.

County Club, Guildford: May 20, 1883.

Mr. Bradley's communication in your issue of May 19 is interesting as furnishing the identification of the Sussex river Trisanton mentioned by Ptolemy. In a paper in vol. xxxii. of the *Sussex Archaeological Transactions*, Mr. H. F. Napper adduced reasons for identifying the Trisanton with the Arun, instead of with the Ouse and other rivers. As he showed, the Arun is called on old maps the Tarant; and there still exists a Tarant Street in Arundel. Tarant is equivalent to Mr. Bradley's Welsh Tarannon; Little Hampton is the port at the mouth as opposed to Magnus Portus or South Hampton. The confirmation of this conjecture is interesting as lending support to Mr. Napper's suggestions as to the true arrangement of Ptolemy's localities.

RALPH NEVILL.

A MARINE DEPOSIT IN YORKSHIRE.

Farnham, Knaresborough: May 18, 1883.

It may be of interest to some of the readers of the *ACADEMY* to learn that in draining part of a level tract known as "Farnham Mires" a layer of sea sand, thickly mixed with shells, has been found. In many places the soil above is only six inches deep, and here and there gravel takes the place of sand. Most of the shells are very small, but some larger ones, in a perfect state of preservation, though worn very thin, have been found, one even retaining its original pink colour.

I shall be extremely obliged for any explanation as to the supposed date, &c., of the ocean which must formerly have existed, and shall have pleasure in forwarding specimens of sand and shells to anyone who may be interested in the subject.

WILLIAM INGLEBY.



## APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, May 28, 2 p.m. Geographical: Anniversary.  
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Secondary Batteries," II., by Prof. Oliver J. Lodge.  
TUESDAY, May 29, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Physiological Discovery," IX., by Prof. McKendrick.  
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Queensland: its Progress and Resources," by Mr. Arthur J. Stanesby.  
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Edinburgh Waterworks," by Mr. A. Leslie; "The Waterworks of Port Elizabeth, South Africa," by Mr. J. G. Gamble; "The Water Supply of Peterborough," by Mr. John Addy.  
WEDNESDAY, May 30, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Relative Claims of Etching and Engraving to rank as Fine Arts," by Mr. F. Seymour Haden.  
THURSDAY, May 31, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Recent Discoveries in Chaldaea and Assyria," by Mr. R. S. Poole.  
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries: "Illuminated Pedigree of Selyard," by Mr. G. W. G. Leveson-Gower; "Report on Archaeology of Cumberland," by Mr. R. S. Ferguson; "British Urn and Early Pottery from Northants," by the Rev. R. S. Baker.  
FRIDAY, June 1, 8 p.m. Philological: "Latin and Greek Etymologies," by Prof. Postgate; "Etruscan Inscriptions," by Dr. Schrumph.  
8 p.m. Carlyle.  
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Sword," by Prof. F. Pollock.  
SATURDAY, June 2, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Russian Social Life," III., by Prof. Turner.

## SCIENCE.

*A Concise Grammar of the Malagasy Language.* By G. W. Parker. "Trübner's Collection of Simplified Grammars." Edited by Reinhold Rost. (Trübner.)

THE prominence into which Madagascar has recently emerged, and the attention which is likely to be paid to its people for some time to come, make the publication of a Malagasy Grammar particularly well timed. Owing to the fact that Malagasy was an unwritten tongue until about sixty years ago, as well as from the comparatively slight importance of the country in European politics, little has been written in English about the language, which, nevertheless, presents some very interesting and special features of its own. From its musical softness and vowel- and liquid-loving character it is particularly pleasant in sound, and has accordingly been termed "the Italian of the Southern hemisphere."

The earliest published English Grammar of Malagasy was written by the Rev. J. J. Freeman. Under the title of "General Observations on the Malagasy Language, Outline of Grammar, and Illustrations," it forms an Appendix to vol. i. of Ellis's *History of Madagascar* (1838). An *Outline of a Grammar of Malagasy* was published, in 1845, at Mauritius, by Mr. E. Baker, formerly printer at Antananarivo. This was followed in 1854 by *A Grammar of the Malagasy Language in the Ankova Dialect*, by the Rev. David Griffiths, one of the earliest missionaries of the London Missionary Society in Madagascar. To Mr. Griffiths and his colleague, the Rev. D. Jones, is due the honour of giving to the Malagasy the first systematic and grammatically written form of their language. But that Grammar of 244 pages was far too much modelled upon the old Eton Latin Grammar, and has an elaborate and needless array of conjugated forms, introducing much unnecessary complexity and difficulty into the study of the language. By far the best Malagasy Grammar in English is that of the Rev. W. E. Cousins, of the London Missionary Society, entitled *A Concise Introduction to the Study of the Malagasy Language as Spoken in Imerina*; this, how-

ever, was published at the press at Antananarivo (1873), and is not easily obtained in England. An excellent outline of Malagasy grammar was printed some years ago in the *Proceedings of the Royal Asiatic Society* by Herr H. N. Van der Tuuk, an accomplished Dutch scholar, in which, from the writer's knowledge of the allied Malayan languages, much light is thrown upon many peculiarities of Malagasy. Several excellent books on Malagasy grammar have been published in the native language at Antananarivo by Mr. J. S. Sewell, of the Friends' Mission, and the Rev. G. Cousins, of the London Missionary Society. Two excellent Grammars have been issued in French by members of the Jesuit mission in Madagascar—one in 1855 by Père Webber, and another by Père Ailloud in 1872. And, very recently, a French grammarian, M. Marre de Marin, has printed a Grammar and other works on Malagasy philology; but whatever merit these possess has been largely derived from the Grammars of the French priests resident in the island.

Coming now to the work whose name heads this article, we were struck in the first place by the fact that, although a tolerably good-sized book externally, only sixty-six pages are occupied by the subject-matter, while eighty are advertisements! So that the price (five shillings) charged for it appears rather high compared, for instance, with the Hindustani, Persian, and Arabic Grammar of the same series, with just double the matter (112 pages), and sold at the same price. Dr. Parker has, however, done useful service in this little book, and an English reader will gain from it a good idea of the leading features of the Malagasy tongue. The arrangement is clear and logical; and as much information is given in the space as could reasonably be looked for, although its value would have been much increased by a larger use of examples. From the paucity of these in some sections, the rules given are sometimes not very easy to be understood.

We are much disposed to question the accuracy of Dr. Parker's statement in the Preface that the Malagasy people "are chiefly of African origin, with the exception of the Hova tribe." Our latest information and research rather go to show that we have in Madagascar representatives of the dark, as well as of the light, Polynesian and Indo-Malayan races. That the Hova are the purest, as well as the latest, Malayan immigrants seems highly probable; but, if the rest of the Malagasy are Africans, how comes it that they all speak, as Dr. Parker correctly states, a Malayan language? If the Hova had always been the dominant tribe in Madagascar, it might have been possible, though hardly probable, that they had impressed their own language on the other peoples. But, as their supremacy dates only from a century ago, and as there is not a trace of any African tongue having ever been spoken in the island, the conclusion seems irresistible (apart from other considerations) that the mass of the inhabitants of Madagascar are Asiatic or Polynesian in origin, and not African.

On a first perusal of this Grammar, we were somewhat surprised that Dr. Parker had not, after his seven or eight years' residence in Madagascar, made greater use of the

valuable papers on Malagasy philology published in several numbers of the *Antananarivo Annual*, with which magazine he is of course well acquainted. We refer especially to the elaborate paper by the Rev. Louis Dahle, of the Norwegian Lutheran Mission, on Malagasy grammar, in No. iv. for 1878, in which Mr. Dahle has proposed a highly original and philosophical reconstruction of the grammar of the language. A perusal of Mr. Dahle's paper on "The Infix in Malagasy" would also have kept Dr. Parker from some mistakes. But the reason for these deficiencies will appear presently.

One or two omissions may be noticed first. It is certainly an incomplete account of the Malagasy vowel sounds to give only their long accented sounds, and to take no notice of their shorter sounds in unaccented syllables. And no mention is made, in speaking of the nouns, of the want of plural forms—a want which always strikes a learner of Malagasy as one of the most curious deficiencies in the language. Dr. Parker mentions the omission of the article *ny* as one sign of the vocative case, but this is probably due entirely to the too common modern native habit of copying Europeans in their imperfect acquaintance with Malagasy. In repeating the Lord's Prayer, elderly men, following old native usage, still say "*Ny Rainay, Izay any andanitra*," and not "*Rainay, Izay*," &c. The same use of the article in the vocative case is also seen in old legends and folk-tales; see *Tantara ny Andriana eto Imerina*, p. 33.

There are some careless misprints; for instance, at p. 14, ll. 9 and 10, "prefix" is twice given instead of "root." Again, at p. 8 we read, "The final syllables *-na, -ka*, and *-tra* are contracted sometimes by rejection of the final syllable," which is nonsense; the sentence should, of course, read "*Words having the final syllables*," &c. Again, at p. 16 the Malagasy examples are transposed, as is evident to anyone knowing their meaning. And, again, at p. 27 the title of the section "The Various Uses of the Infinitive Mood" should read "*Indicative Mood*," as is immediately evident on looking at the paragraph which follows.

But we are obliged to point out a more serious fault in the book than these minor blemishes—viz., that this "Concise Grammar of the Malagasy Language, by G. W. Parker," is simply an abridgement of the Grammar of the Rev. W. E. Cousins, previously mentioned, and therefore, in all fairness, should have been so described on the title-page. After once reading through Dr. Parker's book we had the curiosity to refer to Mr. Cousins's; and we found, on comparing section after section, that the arrangement, subdivisions, illustrations, and tables are all substantially taken from the earlier work. In some cases the tables are copied word for word, and in all the rest there are only slight verbal alterations. The whole language is transferred from the larger Grammar, and is only here and there varied a little in construction. The only original matter we can find is a curious bit of folk-lore explaining the probable origin of the interjection *sànatria* (p. 62); and an interesting table, given as an appendix, showing the different forms a number of common words take in the various dialects of Malagasy.

We do not blame Dr. Parker for having made large use of so valuable a book as Mr. Cousins's *Introduction*, but it is a grave omission that ample acknowledgment was not made in the Preface of the author's indebtedness to a preceding work. Dr. Parker quotes Mr. Cousins three or four times, but inverted commas should appear on almost every page. We had prepared a series of extracts from both books, arranged in parallel columns, to illustrate and justify this criticism, but must omit these for want of space. This *Concise Grammar* is a handy and serviceable little manual, and will be very useful to all students who cannot obtain Mr. Cousins's *Introduction*; but we are bound to say that its merits are almost entirely due to the work of an earlier writer.

JAMES SIBREE, JR.

#### RECENT DISCOVERIES IN ASIA MINOR.

DR. GOLLOB has discovered—so we learn from the *Wiener Studien*—two more inscriptions near the so-called figure of Niobé on Mount Sipylus. Underneath the Hittite inscription, first detected by Mr. Dennis, a copy of which has been given by Mr. Sayce in the *Transactions* of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, vii. 3, he has found the cartouche of Ramses II., with the title "son of the Sun" above it; while at a little distance off he has found another cartouche with a second Hittite inscription. As Dr. Krall remarks, the cartouche of Ramses II. is particularly important, as it serves to fix the date of the construction of the image, which, it shows, belongs to the time when the Hittites could summon to their aid their allies or vassals in Western Asia Minor, and when the latter peoples were first brought under the influence of Egyptian culture. The Egyptian hieroglyphs, however, are not quite correctly employed, the ideograph of "son" being turned the wrong way, and the title "king of Upper and Lower Egypt," which ought to precede that of "son of the Sun," being omitted. We have a well-known parallel in later times to this erroneous use of the Egyptian characters among the Phoenicians, who employed the hieroglyphs for ornamental purposes, without being able to read them correctly.

Prof. Karolides, of Smyrna, has lately published an account of his exploration of the Kappadokian Komana, under the title of *Tá Kómana kal tá épéria adrów*. He spent three days on the site, which he carefully examined, and about which he gives valuable geographical information. The ruins of the ancient city are very numerous, especially on the north bank of the Saros, and now go by the name of Sarteré or Sar. Above the river is an eminence still called Kumenék-tepé; and the tops of several hills in the neighbourhood are crowned with artificial tumuli, termed *khuúk* by the modern inhabitants of the country. The term, as Prof. Karolides remarks, seems to be derived from the ancient language of Kappadokia, like other words in the modern Greek dialect of the district, such as *kerér*, "artificial caverns," and *basí*, "clear." Among the inscriptions found by Prof. Karolides on the spot is one which shows that the city was called Hierapolis in the Roman period, while another entitles the chief priest of the place *ἀρχιεπίς*. From a third we learn that the Kappadokian goddess Bazé was identified with the Greek Athena. Prof. Karolides claims to have discovered some inscriptions written in Greek characters, but in the old language of the country; the inscriptions on the ring, however, which he believes to be Kappadokian, are really Gnostic. Highly interesting is his account of a coin of Arkhe-

laos, found at Ispilè, near Kaisariyeh, on which the usual *ΑΡΧΕΛΑΟΣ* is replaced by *Arglooth*, *ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ* by *visvidi*, and *ΦΙΛΟΝΑΤΟΡΟΣ* by *luiblen*. In the introductory part of his memoir Prof. Karolides suggests that the first element in the name of Kat-aonia contains the ethnic title of the Khatti, or Hittites. We look forward to the collection of folk-tales belonging to the modern Greek inhabitants of Kappadokia which he promises to publish.

We have omitted to signalise an important article by M. Perrot in the *Revue archéologique* of last December, in which considerable additions are made to our materials for the decipherment of the Hittite inscriptions. M. Perrot here publishes copies of eighteen impressions on clay of seals with Hittite characters which are now in the possession of M. Schlumberger, who obtained them three years ago in Constantinople, where they were said to have come from Asia Minor. In every respect they resemble the clay impressions of Hittite seals found by Sir A. H. Layard in the Palace of Sennacherib at Konyunjik, which, if Mr. Sayce's method of decipherment is correct, are of Kilikian origin. M. Sorlin-Dorigny possesses other clay impressions with similar inscriptions, which we hope, in the interests of science, will soon be published.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, in Massachusetts, which is connected with the Congregationalist body, has distinguished itself by becoming the first American college to subscribe for a table at Dr. Dohrn's zoological station at Naples. Any American student is eligible to make use of the table, subject to the condition of delivering a course of lectures at Williams College on his return.

MR. F. G. HEATH'S *Forestry* will contain in its June number an article on "Epping Forest and its Future Management," by Mr. A. J. Burrows and Prof. Boulger, president of the Epping Forest Field Club. The visit of inspection to Epping Forest, the result of which is recorded in the article, was made in the company of the verderers of the forest and other gentlemen.

AN interesting contribution to our knowledge of the so-called "fairy rings"—those circles of dark-green grass which not unfrequently occur on pasture-land—will be found in the current number of the *Journal* of the Chemical Society. The luxuriant growth of the grass constituting the ring is connected with the decay of certain fungi which pre-existed on the spot and have yielded mineral and nitrogenous products which serve as manure to the grass that succeeds them. Sir J. B. Lawes, Dr. J. H. Gilbert, and Mr. R. Warington have analysed the soils of the fairy rings with the view of throwing light on the source whence the fungi derive their nitrogen. It seems fair to conclude from their experiments that the fungi obtain this element not from the nitrogen of the atmosphere, as formerly supposed, but from the organic nitrogen of the soil itself.

#### PHILOLOGY NOTES.

SIG. PAIS, the author of a work upon ancient Sardinia, has been commissioned by the Italian Government to edit a *Corpus* of the Roman inscriptions in Gallia Cisalpina and Liguria. Sig. Pais has already collected about 700 of these, of which sixty are altogether inedited, and the others have appeared only in local publications.

THE first Sanskrit Grammar in Swedish has just been published by Lund, of Stockholm, under the title of "Sanskritsprakets formlara,

jaemte kort aefversigt af praekritdialekten, sammt indelande laesaeffningar." The author is Hjalmar Edgren, a pupil of Prof. Whitney, who has already translated into Swedish the *Sakuntalá*.

THE recent reports of the meetings of the Académie des Inscriptions contain many inedited Roman inscriptions found at Tunis and Algiers. Among the most interesting is one written upon a mosaic pavement in a Christian basilica at Monastir. It records the offering of a "cofina lauri," and concludes with the names of the four rivers of the Garden of Eden.

THE first number of the *Museo italiano*, a new periodical devoted to classical antiquity to be published at Florence, will contain articles on Greek epigraphy by Prof. Comparetti (the editor), on Etruscan art by Sig. Milani, on certain MSS. of the Laurentian Library by Sig. Vitelli, and on the military colonies of Augustus by Sig. Pais.

THE *Revue critique* for May 7 has an important article by M. C. de Harlez, reviewing a treatise by Dr. Hübschmann on the transliteration of Zend and the cognate languages.

HERE are some more etymologies laid before the Académie des Inscriptions by M. Bréal, having reference to the words for "justice" and "law" in Latin. *Jus*, like *fas*, had originally a religious rather than a juridical signification. It is connected with the Sanskrit *jaus* and the Zend *jaos*, both of which mean a kind of sacred power or guarantee. *Fas* is the Greek *θέμειν*—*f* = *θ*; *ā* = *εμ*, *ε* being changed into *a* by reason of the nasal, and *a* then being lengthened through the loss of the nasal which is caused by the proximity of the *s*. Other Indo-European languages have similarly taken their word for "justice" from derivatives of the root *da*. On the other hand, *lex* is peculiar to Latin, being a comparatively late formation from *legere*.

THE *Philologische Rundschau* for April 28 contains a review of Mr. Wharton's *Etyma Graeca* by Mr. R. Ellis.

#### MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, May 8.)  
 PROF. W. H. FLOWER, President, in the Chair.—  
 Mr. Frederic Bonney read a paper on "Some Customs of the Aborigines of the River Darling, New South Wales." The tribes with which the author was most familiar are called Bungy-arlee and Parkungi; they inhabit a district within lat. 29° to 34°, long. 141° to 146°. The country in its natural state is incapable of supporting a large population, being subject to protracted droughts, during which both food and water are scarce. There is a similarity in the typical features of all the Australian aborigines; but to a close observer each tribe has its own peculiarities. Though ugly and unprepossessing in appearance, they are most kind, gentle, and of quite average intelligence and morality. The aborigines of Australia are often spoken of as the lowest type of humanity; but the author considered this a libel on the whole of them, and was positive it is so as regards the tribes he knows best. Mr. Bonney then proceeded to give a description of the life-history of the above-mentioned tribes.—  
 Lieut.-Col. H. H. Godwin-Austen read a paper on "The Discovery of Some Worked Flints, Cores, and Flakes from Blackheath, near Chilworth and Bramley, Surrey."—A paper by Admiral F. S. Tremlett was read on "Stone Circles in Brittany," in which the author described three circles discovered by the late Mr. James Miln in the commune of Carnac. They had presumably been places for cremating the dead, and also for depositing the urns; the greater part of the latter were found enclosed in cists of quartz, covered over by a slab of schist, neither of which stone are to be found in the district.—Mr. W. Galloway exhibited a skull and a number of rubbed bones and other implements from the islands of Oronsay and Colonsay, forming part of a large collection exhibited by him in the International Fisheries Exhibiti on.



## PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Anniversary Meeting, Friday, May 18.)

DR. J. A. H. MURRAY, President, in the Chair.—After the election of officers for the year 1883-84, Dr. Murray gave his Report on the state of the society's English dictionary. Finals were delivered to "alternate;" all "an-" was in type, and part of "an-"; the editor and his assistants were now working at about one-third through "an-." By the end of June "an-" should be done; "ao-" was short; early in "ap-" would finish part i. in July, though its publication would probably be put off till October. Up to "alternate," there were 4,768 main articles in the dictionary, 484 subordinate ones (like "altar-bread"), 915 cross-references; altogether, 6,167 entries, as against 2,967 in Webster's dictionary and supplement. Of the 4,768 main words, 1,477 were obsolete, 3,279 in actual use, 231 imperfectly naturalised (like "alma-mater," used by Trevisa in 1398, but first applied to a university in Pope's *Dunciad*). Words were divided into four classes: (1) *Naturals*, native words, and those fully naturalised (like "bishop"); (2) *Denizens*, foreign names of English things (like "aide-de-camp"); (3) *Aliens*, foreign names of foreign things (like "plébiscite"); (4) *Casuals*, chance, or travellers' names of foreign things (like "dāk"). Of the 4,768 words to "alternate," only 231 were denizens, aliens, or casuals. In the whole dictionary would be at least 183,329 main words, making, with cross-references, 237,127 entries. As there are about 120 quotations in each page, there would be 1,100,000 quotations in the full dictionary. Some words had given great trouble to define; over "altar," theological helpers had disputed greatly. Of "ambrotype," seemingly a photograph on glass in the United States, no certain explanation could be got. Of "American" *adj.* and *sb.* earlier instances were wanted. It was first pronounced "amerecan," and meant a savage. The histories of "aloot," "aloe," "almanac," "allow," "alligator," "all-hallow," "alloy," "allege," and the *all-* compounds were then given.—A vote of thanks was passed to Dr. Murray for his Report, and for his services to the society in so admirably editing its dictionary.

## ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—(Anniversary Meeting, Monday, May 21.)

SIR BARTLE FRERE, BART., President, in the Chair.—The following were elected as the council and officers for the ensuing year:—President, Sir Bartle Frere; director, Sir H. C. Rawlinson; vice-presidents, Sir E. Colebrooke, Sir Barrow Ellis, Mr. J. Fergusson, Mr. A. Grote; council, Mr. Edwin Arnold, Mr. E. Colborne Baber, Sir E. C. Bayley, Sir F. Goldsmid, Col. Haig, Mr. H. C. Kay, Col. Keatinge, Col. Lewin, Sir H. B. Loch, Gen. Maclagan, Mr. H. Morris, Sir L. Pelly, Sir W. R. Robinson, Mr. T. H. Thornton, Col. Yule; treasurer, Mr. E. Thomas; secretaries, Mr. W. S. W. Vaux, Mr. W. F. Holt; hon. secretary, Mr. R. N. Cust.—The Report of the council was partially read, from which it appeared that seventy-three new members had been elected during the past year.—It was announced that the valuable collection of Oriental MSS. formed by the late Dr. A. C. Burnell had been purchased for the library of the India Office.

## EDUCATION SOCIETY.—(Monday, May 21.)

F. G. FLEAY, ESQ., V.-P., in the Chair.—Mr. Francis Storr read a paper on French class-books. He pointed out the numerous faults of several of the most popular books for children, especially Grandineau's *Petit Précepteur*, and remarked how strangely their books neglect philology. More recent books which give consecutive sentences in English and French are far better: for instance, Mr. Courthope Bowen's and Mr. Prendergast's, though the latter is hopelessly dull. With regard to grammar, Mr. Storr showed that they all place too much stress on irregularities which are of rare occurrence, a fault which he laid to the charge of the examiners. They all err, also, in retaining the Academy's nomenclature of tenses, though it is quite inconsistent with what boys learn in English and Latin. The paper concluded with a suggestion that a guide to the literature of the subject should be drawn up by a committee.

## FINE ART.

EXHIBITION of the WORKS by MEMBERS of LA SOCIÉTÉ des IMPRESSIONISTES. Also of Mr. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S Picture of the CHURCH SCENE in "Much Ado About Nothing," painted expressly for Henry Irving, Esq.—NOW ON VIEW at Messrs. DOWDERSWELL'S, 133, NEW BOND STREET (two doors from the Grosvenor Gallery). Admission One Shilling.

The ETCHING of J. F. MILLET'S Fine Painting, "THE SOWER," has now been completed by Mr. MATTHEW MARIA. 129 impressions are the entire issue, the plate having been destroyed. Signed Proofs, Twenty Guinea each, may be had through the Printers, or from the Publishers, COTTIER & CO., 31, ARGYLL STREET, REGENT STREET, W.

## The Types of Greek Coins. By Percy Gardner. (Cambridge University Press.)

IN publishing an enlarged form of his Cambridge Lectures, illustrated with seventeen splendid autotype plates, Prof. Gardner has conferred a signal boon alike on numismatists and on those who labour in the broader fields of classical archaeology. It is to aid the latter class in co-ordinating the evidence of coins with that of the other remains of Greek art that this work is primarily intended. We venture, however, to think that it will be no less useful to the student of numismatics. The archaeologist, void of all knowledge of coins, may sometimes promulgate sweeping theories, as to the date of the introduction of new styles or types, which can be clearly refuted by the testimony of a single piece. But the numismatist, careless of all branches of art save his own, is liable to a fault equally gross. Eager to round off an ingenious historical hypothesis, or to recognise some memorial of a noteworthy personage or event, he is too often led to override all those indications of style and technique which are fatal to his views. The fathers of numismatics were content to ascribe Boeotian didrachms of the fourth century, bearing the inscription ΦΕΙΔΑ, to Phidon, the great King of Argos, and exulted in the interesting monuments. That their spirit has not entirely passed away will be admitted by any observer of the wild attributions which disfigure local and even university collections. This survival of ignorance is due in great part to the fact that information as to the art side of numismatics had to be painfully sought out in a multitude of scattered essays and pamphlets. Now that the student is provided with a trustworthy and accessible manual, we may hope for a general improvement in the attainments of lovers of coins.

The earlier chapters of Prof. Gardner's work sketch briefly the historical aspect of the ancient Greek coinage. They are merely introductory to his main subject, and do not claim to give an exhaustive view of such wide topics as the origin of Greek weights, the question of epigraphy, or the right of coinage. To the many who have not leisure or will to plunge into a study of Brandis, Hultsch, or Lenormant, they will be invaluable, being perfectly clear and scrupulously free from unverified theories. Indeed, throughout his work the author leans to the side of caution, and can never be accused of wild conjecture. We are glad to see that he gives no support to the ingenious but untenable view of French numismatists, who connect the adjectival termination -ικον, substituted in inscriptions for the usual genitive plural of the ethnic name, with the issues of a temple-mint. Even such striking examples as the coin with Ὀλυμπικόν (p. 28) may, as Prof. Gardner has elsewhere shown,

have been issued by a people—the Lepreates. Undoubted temple-money, on the other hand, such as that of the Amphictyons or the Didymean Apollo, is either normal or bears some exceptional inscription, like ἐγ Διδύμων ἱερῇ. In his paragraph on the introduction of the regal title on coins, we are somewhat surprised to see that the author has not noticed its very early appearance on the Thracian pieces with Γέρας Ἡδονίων βασιλεῖς, which cannot be much later than 500 B.C.

The most important and distinctive section of Prof. Gardner's book is the second, which has, indeed, given its name to the whole work. The religious character of coin-types has been long admitted; but few have ever realised the flood of light which can be thrown on Hellenic religion by the evidence of numismatics. Nothing can be better calculated than Prof. Gardner's chapters to illustrate the meaning of Herodotus when he mentions (ii. 53) the primitive indefiniteness of the ideas of the Greeks concerning the persons of the gods, and speaks of the divisions of forms, offices, and occupations among them as a work "of the last few days, so to say." We find ourselves compelled to abandon our conception of each deity as a well-marked individual, with a fixed place in a generally received system. In every State the influence of some local legend coloured the character of the tutelary divinity. Not only are the different sides of the same personality emphasised in different districts, so that, for example, Poseidon of Byzantium, the ruler of the sea, is distinguished from Poseidon Hippius of Potidaea, or Poseidon the earth-shaker of Mantinea, but an absolute confusion of identities is to be observed. On our coins we continually find one god assuming the shape and attributes which Homer, and literary tradition following him, have assigned to another. In Crete we meet a youthful Zeus of slight build, marked as a sun-god by the presence of the cock on his knee, and only distinguishable from Apollo by the legend Φεχάριος, his local name. Apollo, on the other hand, clothed in a long robe and armed with helmet and lance, on a third-century coin of Lacedaemon, was long mistaken for Pallas. The helmed Aphrodite of Corinth, a type most surprising to those familiar with the Homeric conception of the goddess, bears an equal resemblance to the sterner deity of Athens. In Thrace, Ares appears as the sun-god; at Marathus, Apollo bears the aplustre and becomes a patron of maritime commerce. It is in the East that this confusion of attributes strikes us most strangely. When the Greeks met the great nature-goddess of Asia Minor, it appears to have been a mere matter of chance whether they identified her with Hera, Artemis, or Aphrodite. Familiar as we are with the idea of the Ephesian deity, we can never cease to wonder at the curious accident which made the virgin huntress of Greece one with the many-breasted, nourishing power of Asia. A coin, coming, however, not from Ephesus, but Erythrae (pl. xiii. 21), emphasises this contrast by giving us a representation of the spare form of the Hellenic Artemis, with her tightly girt robe, her buskins and hunting spear, surmounted by the face and towering head-dress of an Eastern nature-goddess. A similar forced analogy

produced in Cilicia a Zeus who was indistinguishable from Dionysus.

In the class of devices known as "*types parlants*," Prof. Gardner refuses to see any punning allusion to the name of the issuing State. His arguments are forcible, but it seems hard to recognise religious emblems in types so strange as the table (*τραπέζα*) of Trapezus, or the greave (*κνημὶς*) of the Epicnemidian Locrians of Thronium.

By means of the plates and the commentary on them, which forms the larger half of the book, it is possible to obtain a very complete idea not only of the general character of Greek art, but also of the local tendencies which marked its development in different districts. These are visible in the days of archaism no less than in those of progress and perfection. From the first the art of East and West began to diverge. The Greeks of Asia remained till 500 B.C. under the influence of the purely decorative and conventional style (which had its origin in Assyria), marking their coins either with well-known religious symbols or with the fantastic animal forms of griffin, chimæra, or sphinx borrowed from their Eastern neighbours. The head of god or hero seldom adorns their pieces; the full-length figure is even rarer. The colonists of the West, though they commenced to coin a hundred years later than the Asiatic States, did not, as might have been expected, copy the work of the East, or even that of the nearer Hellas. As types they preferred heads and figures, which they treated in a hard style, but with a careful minuteness and a delicacy of finish unknown to the dwellers beyond the Ionian Sea. The early coins of the Italian towns are the most accurately struck of the whole Greek series; while already at the beginning of the fifth century the artists of Sicily had come to think such a complex and ambitious subject as a four-horse chariot within the range of their skill. Turning to the plates which illustrate Greece proper, we see in most States a roughness of execution which contrasts unfavourably with the work of the West; at the same time the coins often display a largeness of style and a vigour of design which promise better things. Especially noticeable is the bold treatment of the short, thick-set figures on the coinage of Thrace, which vouch for the existence of a distinct school of artists in one of the ruder and more outlying portions of the Greek world.

In the plates of the "later archaic" and "early fine" periods we see the diverging tendencies of the three great divisions of the Hellenic race gradually working themselves out into distinctness. The style of Asia loses its roughness, but does not cease to be decorative; the artist frequently sacrifices all propriety to the desire to make his subject fit exactly into the field of the coin. Hence come the unreal symmetry of the wrestlers of Aspendus (pl. x. 11) and the curious types of many of the electrum coins of Cyzicus. These beautiful pieces are distinguished for the number of kneeling figures which they present, this posture being chosen solely because it lends itself to the round shape of the coin. We naturally conceive of Nike, the proud goddess of victory, as flying to crown the victor; but the Cyzicene artists

did not scruple to make her kneel in a somewhat cramped attitude (pl. x. 2) if it suited the shape of their die. It is even stranger to find Helios in the same position, and holding at the same time the bridle of one of his horses with each hand; save for the rays around his head, no one would suspect him to be the sun-god, the attitude being the least appropriate that could be chosen.

In Greece proper the beauty of the coinage develops with rapidity, as might have been expected, in the vigorous fifth century. The age of the great sculptors had commenced, and their influence is traceable in the distinctly statuesque style of the contemporary coins. It is, however, a noteworthy fact that archaism in a modified form survived the day of Pheidias, whose work appears to have affected the minor arts much less than that of Polycleitus. Even in Elis, where artists must have had the colossal Olympian Zeus of the former master before their eyes, the coins show evident marks of Polycleitan influence. A typical piece of the period will be seen in the sturdy Opuntian Ajax of the Locrian coin in pl. vii. On the coins of Greece proper we find the first specimens of the treatment of full-face heads; our earliest example is on an Arcadian coin of *circa* 450 B.C. Fifty years later we find the full-face Apollo of Amphipolis (vii. 2), whose combination of beauty with character is unsurpassed. This coin is preferred by many numismatists to any other in the Greek series, and is representative of a whole class and period (*cf.* vii. 9 and 24).

The school of the West commenced with an elaborate attention to detail and finish. This it pushed in the period of "early fine" art to the highest possible limit. Sicilian work of the late fifth century is wonderfully delicate and pleasing, yet the designs are, after all, inferior to those of Greece proper. They have, as has been well observed, all the merits and all the faults of gem-engraving. This is especially noticeable in their *technique*, but their subjects are also frequently such as would be inappropriate anywhere save on a gem. Take, for example, the coin of Himera (vi. 2): the nymph stands before an altar sacrificing, while behind her a small satyr enjoys the gush of a warm spring pouring from a conventional lion's head. The subject is not compact enough to suit the Asiatic artist bent on filling up the space of a metope; it does not possess the unity which the sculptural school of Hellas would have given it, but for a gem it is exactly fitted. The heads of deities display extreme finish and refinement, but often lose all appropriate character. Heracles is alternately truculent (vi. 12) and effeminate (vi. 15, 36); Arethusa (vi. 20, 21) is (as Mr. Poole—*Num. Chron.* 1864—once happily phrased it) "less a goddess than the most beautiful young lady in Syracuse, with her hair very elaborately dressed by the best Syracusan hairdresser." The head of Apollo (vi. 10), charming as it is, would appear ridiculous if slightly magnified. Sicily was already verging towards the fault of over-refinement when the wars and invasions of the early fourth century put an end to the issues of most of its cities.

Of the interesting school of Cretan artists, who delighted in bold fore-shortening and pic-

turesque attitudes, and whose speciality is the series of coins with figures seated among the foliage of trees, we have not space to speak. We must refer the archaeologist to the pages of Prof. Gardner himself, where much that is new and curious is to be found concerning the art of the largest but least known of the Greek islands. The period of Alexander the Great supplies a multitude of fine pieces; and even in the times of the Decline, 280–100 B.C., much prettiness survived, though grandeur had departed. On this, however, we must not dwell.

As the coins chosen for illustration are for the most part well known, we have little scope for objection to the author's attributions; the only one which strikes us as unlikely is the piece given to Cleonæe (x. 10), which French numismatists refer to Cleitor with every appearance of probability.

We are glad to see that the work is issued by the Cambridge University Press. We trust that this is a sign that our universities are at last beginning to take an interest in ancient art; it is, at any rate, noticeable that the appearance of this work is coincident with the commencement of the long-needed Museum of Antiquities at Oxford.

C. W. C. OMAN.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

##### III.

On the whole, it seems clear that the younger men in England are affected by just the same disturbing influences as prevail in France, although the signs are not so marked here as in that country, where every change in opinion translates itself with the promptitude of revolution. For the moment, therefore, if we desire to obtain the expression of a certain settled view, and of steadily regulated and clearly intelligible aims, we must turn to the men of the elder generation—to Mr. Poynter, whose learned purpose and scholarly execution have never shown with greater distinctness than in his principal contribution of this year, "*The Ides of March*;" to Sir Frederick Leighton, with whose super-excellent qualities we are all familiar, whose lovely line, soft elaboration of surface modelling, and delicacy of choice in dainty hues have never ceased to charm in spite of the tendency to a certain class of finish which, in the end, seems to efface the drawing of his work, and to render the construction of the fair women and children in whom his pencil delights scarcely so evident as might be; to Mr. Alma-Tadema, against whom no reproach as to over-refinement can ever be brought, but whose work is vitalised—if to some extent vulgarised—by the lively fusion of the actual elements of every-day middle-class life with memories of that classic past with which his mind is chiefly possessed; or to Mr. Millais, and to those magic feats of sleight-of-hand by which he confers upon the canvas the breathing images of life. We may reckon, also, on the poetic strivings of Mr. Watts, on the assured and thorough workmanship of Mr. Marks, the charming Quakerish simplicities of Mr. Boughton, the force and humour of Mr. Briton Riviere, the more every-day but capable talent of Mr. Fildes, the now and again very admirable achievements of Mr. Prinsep; and, when we come to portraiture, on the perfect craft of Mr. Ouseley, and the perhaps less noticeable as technic, but more sensitive, interpretations of Mr. Frank Holl.

The effect selected by Mr. Poynter in his principal picture, "*The Ides of March*," is that of conflicting illumination. A moon- and



comet-lit sky is opposed to the blazing flare of the lights burning before the bust of Caesar, placed to the right in the vast portico, beneath which stand Calphurnia and her husband. The scene, which might easily slide into melodrama, is rendered with admirable discretion: the two figures stand with their backs towards us; the movement of ominous warning in which Calphurnia points with uplifted hand to the meteor, which she regards as a portent of Caesar's death, is well explained by the eager passion of her face, a glimpse of which is caught in profile as she turns in appeal to the unmoved figure whose unseen features are repeated for us in his bust. The small size of the figures takes something from the interest of the work as a whole, and gives it a little look of what is called a "furniture picture;" but it bears throughout the traces of the persistent studies which underlie all that Mr. Poynter does, and the painting (it makes no pretension to the amusing fact now specially popular) is of a thoroughly sound character; each touch is laid in with masterly precision—note the two or three which *draw* the extended right hand of Calphurnia, the admirably skilled rendering of the marble pavement, and the perfect relations of tone throughout. Work so invariably serious as Mr. Poynter's, and expressing aims of a character with which very few are at present in sympathy, is apt to bear the trace of effort, and, if for no other reason, is therefore likely to prove less attractive than studies (perhaps no less learned) which command a wider audience. For one who will take the trouble to understand "The Ides of March," there will be hundreds who will linger fondly over exercises such as the president gives us once again this year—blonde heads enframed in draperies of gray-black, or white touched with gold—and "Kittens"—a fair little girl playing with an odd chestnut-coloured "puss"—a graceful arrangement of rose-red harmonies, subtly blended with tawny hues of fur, and put in on a ground of gray, just touched with green and flashed with gold. Others will find their way easily to Mr. Alma-Tadema's diploma work, "The Way to the Temple," where the festival dancers go echoing past the threshold open to the blue sky and air, while within, in the shadows of the foreground, sits a woman, orange haired and clad in pink-lined robes of red, who seems to wait and watch for someone who does not come; or they will go to the capital study which the same painter has christened "An Oleander." The oleander, which splashes its pink blossoms on walls of buff and red, and throws its branches across the open corridor and yellow columns, through which the sun shines on the dancing water, is indeed the subject of the picture. It is the plant, and not the single figure seated on the left, which makes it all glorious; the woman in her dull green and blue robes is of just so much account, no more, as the bronze above her head, which strikes a low and sonorous note, giving brilliancy and effect, by contrast, to the flush and shimmer of the hues of rose and red. Work of a less unusual character, but as excellently complete in its way, is to be found in Prof. Blaas' "Flirtation"—a little picture in which he appears to greater advantage than in his more pretentious compositions. His Venetian beauty is intensely happy in the undisguised admiration of the red-jacketed boatman who, pausing before her steps, has called her from her needle. Arrayed in brilliant yellow and dull blue, she stands relieved against the shadows of the archway behind her, her whole body writhing with pleased excitement, and that in spite of some decent pretence at nonchalance. Even Mr. Marks, in his "Old Clock" or his "Professor," is not more solidly thorough than Prof. Blaas;

and this kind of thoroughness, even in an otherwise unimportant work, seems charged with a special lesson to us now when men rush by troops to exhibit before they have mastered the grammar of their art.

In pure portraiture the exhibition of this year may, as it seems to me, hold its own not only as against the work of previous years, but also (unless I am much mistaken) with the best work of foreign schools. This is especially the case as regards the portraits of men. There is, of course, count to be taken of such portrait studies as Mr. Val Prinsep's "Titian's Daughter," or "Mrs. Kendal as Portia;" of the tenderly childlike "Katie" by Mr. Watts; and of Mr. Millais' "Une grande Dame"—the portrait of a little girl in costume, given with a certain primitiveness and cruelty of colour which recalls the author's earlier days as a P.R.B. On the whole, however, the works which come back to mind most definitely, among the portraits, are the portraits of men. Mr. Millais' *bravura* pieces, his "Mr. Hook" and his "Lord Salisbury," both of which, though summary in dash and trick, commend themselves, as does all his work, by an extraordinary force of impression, and by a transient power of realising, without compromise, all such qualities in his sitters as will specially vitalise the subject. If we turn from the brilliant gifts of Mr. Millais, we have the remarkable series of portraits painted by Mr. Oulless—his Bishops of Norwich and Llandaff, his Master of Pembroke College, and one or two more common types, realised with admirable practical skill and a thoroughness of workmanship which leaves nothing to be desired. Then we have that other series, equally remarkable, from the hand of Mr. Frank Holl—Mr. Bright, the Duke of Cambridge, Sir Garnet Wolseley, Lord Winmarleigh—portraits in which Mr. Holl seems to me to show greater sensitiveness in reading character, if less obvious mastery of craft, than Mr. Oulless. We may note the twitch of the right hand in his portrait of Mr. Bright, and all that it means, taken with the slightly nervous "on the defensive" look in the otherwise strong and somewhat stolid mouth and eyes; and, again, the delicacy of the expressive drawing of the lips and corners of the eyelids in his Lord Winmarleigh. We may instance, too, among less noticeable work the excellently studied head of Mr. Wells' portrait of the father of Sir Frederick Leighton, the head, as in Mr. Prinsep's "Mrs. Kendal," being better studied than the hands, and the forcible, rather than powerful, and somewhat too "frightfully like" works of Mr. Collier.

Pure portraiture is certainly the best of that which we can show in sculpture. Mr. Woolner has a bust of Mr. Gladstone the good qualities of which become the more obvious if we compare it with Mr. Onslow Ford's treatment of the same subject; but much of the detail work and intended effect of his statue of Queen Victoria is lost, I am inclined to think, because the points of shadow—the *noirs*, as is said in France—are not successfully found. Let us grant that the costume is all that could be desired, that the attitude and presence are royal, that the movement and forms are well felt; even if we grant all this, it must still be confessed that the general aspect of the figure is wanting in that picturesqueness which is a most desirable element in a work of the kind. And, if we examine this statue of Queen Victoria, bearing in mind other statues of women habited in close pleated garments—such as the noble Canephora of Prince Torlonia's gallery—we shall find, I think, that, excellent as may be the execution of many parts, this figure is treated in such a way that we are not at once impressed (as we ought to be) by the features intended as the most prominent. It is the reverse defect to that which I take to be evident

in Mr. Boehm's "Sir Francis Drake." The Elizabethan costume lends itself to the production of too many sharp little darks and lights of equal value—to the making of chess-boards, so to say; and for opposite reasons in these two very different works the eye seems to ask in vain for the leading lines. If there is too frequent emphasis in Mr. Boehm's "Sir Francis," in Mr. Woolner's "Queen Victoria" emphasis seems too rare, so that Mr. Woolner's statue looks somewhat heavy and inexpressive, while Mr. Boehm's colossal work fails to impress us with its size, and is suggestive rather of chimney-piece reductions by Barbédienne.

The sculptor has to *draw* for us, be it remembered, by means of light and shade; it is one of his chief means of expression; and to this end he is often forced to exaggerate in order to be true—that is, he has to emphasise points of construction in such a way as to make the shadows which they cast speak to us plainly of the forms by which they are cast. Much of the air of life and character, the expressiveness, of Mr. Boehm's busts (see those of Mr. Millais and Lord Sydney) is derived from his knowledge—a knowledge which is a part of the training of foreign sculptors—of where to emphasise so as to get truth of effect in his work. One can, indeed, almost guess with certainty, in looking round the rooms, which are the works of the men who come to us from abroad. The head of a little girl, by Mr. Verheyden, catches the eye precisely on account of the way in which the construction is indicated so as to make telling shadows, the shadow of the eyebrow on the cheekbone actually explaining to us not only all about the eyebrow, but also all about the cheekbone. And, again, I do not know where Mr. Maclean was trained, but there is the same quality in the two remarkable busts which he exhibits; we may notice the modelling of the nostrils (which in some busts look as if they had been taken out with a sugar scoop) and the drawing of the mouth beneath the moustache in that of "Mr. Stewart of Bauchory," as well as the intelligent character of the work in his second contribution, a bust in marble, the appropriate execution of which is in healthy contrast to Mr. Browning's bronze, which, from an attempt at getting a kind of surface only possible or fit in clay, looks as if it had the small-pox. Something of such knowledge as Mr. Maclean seems to possess would help to give effect to the really hard and faithful work which Miss Chaplin has put into the group of dogs she has modelled for the Queen, and into her most meritorious study of an Arab mare, executed, I believe, for Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. This last work is a little stiff in aspect, but not more so than one would expect in a first study from the horse, and from a horse of this special character, while for her conscientious care in observation and the sincerity of her work Miss Chaplin deserves all encouragement.

Sculpture, which is, of its very nature, a far less sensitive branch of art than painting, yields but slowly to influences which succeed in making themselves promptly felt elsewhere; and the attempts in the direction of *la modernité* are much less numerous among the statues than among the pictures. Still, there are sufficiently evident signs, in the way of Christy Minstrels coloured to the life, of "modern" inspiration. Each age is necessarily at odds as to the ways in which, or by which, nature shall be represented, because the attention of each age is engaged by a class of natural phenomena differing from those which appeared of chief importance to that which preceded it. For forms of expression must necessarily change with change in the view we take of natural phenomena, and the view we take of the external world is modified by every successive wave in the world of thought. The

march of science and democracy will force us to see things other than we did, as surely as the Christian ethos transmuted pagan art. But it takes time to mature a new birth in respect of things moral. The social changes which are the result of moral change are only effected by a lengthy process; and the full expression of these changes in the world of art is necessarily preceded by a period of transition, during which we may watch a struggle out of which must eventually issue, not new canons of art—for the canons of art are of the nature of things immutable, and all good work, whether of Nineveh, of Paris, or of Rome, has a wonderful family likeness—but new modes in their application. For the aesthetic perceptions adjust themselves with sensitive instinct to find the means of translating the renewed moral aspect of things into corresponding aspects of colour and of form. However incomplete and offensive the works of the modern innovators of to-day may seem to us with their dramas from the drawing-room and their tragedies from the streets, however poor or absurd their methods of work may appear, we cannot ignore the fact that it is possibly to them that the future belongs—that the task of renewing the material of art and of giving fresh stimulus to production may be already in their hands.

EMILIA F. S. PATTISON.

#### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. H. TREFRY DUNN, Rossetti's assistant, has just completed careful water-colour drawings of three rooms in the old house in Cheyne Walk. They represent the studio, just as Rossetti left it in February 1882; the drawing-room, with the river and Battersea Park seen through the bay window; and the dining-room, with the poet reading proofs to a friend. The drawings are interesting as being the only remaining records of a remarkable home. One of them, the studio, was reproduced in *Harper's Magazine* last year; and all of them are now being photographed, for sale in sets, by Mr. Heddeley, of Chelsea.

A SERIES of mezzotint engravings by S. W. Reynolds, after drawings by Thomas Girtin, with a portrait of the artist after Opie's picture, are about to be published for the first time. They are eighteen in number, and manifestly form part of a dropped project, as they are in a proof state, and some (not included in the eighteen) are unfinished. Their subjects are those usual with Girtin—York and Ripon Cathedrals, Bolton Priory, Kirkstall Abbey, &c.—many, if not most of them, evidently fruits of his journey to Yorkshire about 1796. The engravings are of fine quality, and were executed in 1823-24, twenty-one years after Girtin's death, but about the time of the publication of the *Rivers of England*, which included three Girtins among its Turners. One of these, "York Cathedral," is almost identical in design with the unpublished plate. This very interesting collection will be published by Messrs. Neill and Sons, of Haddington, N.B. The impression will be limited to 250, and the work will be called *Liber Naturae*.

THE constantly increasing number of art-lovers who take an interest in the strange and fascinating pictures of William Blake will be stirred by the news that Mr. Strange's collection of drawings has come into the hands of Mr. Quaritch. As is well known to the readers of *Gilchrist's* work, that collection, formed by acquisitions at the sale of the Butts "Blake Gallery," and also from the Blake relics inherited by Frederick Tatham, is one of the most valuable of its kind. It comprises the large designs for "Paradise Lost"—which are probably the finest production of the artist—and one of his two exquisite sets of drawings for

"Comus," as well as the striking pictures of Plague, Pestilence, and Famine, the Woman taken in Adultery, and other Biblical illustrations.

At a meeting of the Council of the Royal Archaeological Institute, on May 17, the following resolution, proposed by Mr. J. T. Micklethwaite and seconded by Mr. J. H. Middleton, was carried unanimously:—"That this council greatly regrets to hear of the condition in which the unique and beautiful chapel of Kirkstead now is, and hopes that means may be found without delay to prevent its fall, which appears to be imminent."

In the course of certain excavations at Maidens, near Girvan, in Ayrshire, the workmen recently discovered five bronze axes, in good preservation. They are graduated in size, and were found with their flat sides against each other, beneath the gravel, next the surface of the rock.

THE collection formed by the late C. A. Milani will be sold at Frankfurt on June 4 and the following days. Beside numerous and rare objects of archaeological interest, representing almost every period and country, it also includes a few early illustrated books, such as the first edition (1538) of Holbein's *Dance of Death*, another edition of 1547, and an Old Testament of 1533 with eighty-one wood-cuts by Sebald Beham. The Catalogue, which has been sent us by M. Thibaudeau, is handsomely illustrated with "halfton" photo-lithographs.

#### MUSIC.

##### RECENT CONCERTS.

LAST Saturday afternoon Mdme. Sophie Menter gave the first of two pianoforte recitals at St. James's Hall. The programme included many pieces calculated to show off to the best advantage the pianist's wonderful technique, delicate touch, and also muscular strength. Neither the order nor selection of pieces was, however, quite satisfactory. Beethoven's so-called "Moonlight" sonata does not suit Mdme. Menter, and the Mendelssohn-Liszt Wedding March does not suit true musicians and worshippers of Beethoven. These two pieces formed the Alpha and Omega of the programme—an unfavourable beginning and a bad ending. Schubert's name appeared three times—once alone, but twice in conjunction with those of Tausig and Liszt. Schumann was only represented by his *Novette* in E. To Bach and Scarlatti were added anachronistic improprieties. Mdme. Menter is a great artist, and can well afford to have her playing or her programme criticised; anything we may say about either the one or the other does not prevent us from admiring her phenomenal execution and marked ability. Unfortunately, however, she puts forth her whole strength and talent in the very pieces most deserving of condemnation—as, for example, in the Tausig arrangement of Schubert's Military March and the Liszt transcription of the Wedding March. Mdme. Menter played to perfection Schubert's "Ave Maria" and "Ich höre ein Bachlein rauschen," Schumann's *Novette*, and Liszt's *Etude* and *Rhapsodie*. The first two may virtually be regarded as compositions of Liszt, and hence we can say that in his music the pianist is all but unrivalled. She made her first and great success in this country with Liszt's E flat concerto and "Don Juan" fantasia, and since then the showy pieces of the illustrious virtuoso have helped to sustain and increase her fame. Mdme. Menter gave a Chopin selection—without this no pianoforte recital would be complete—and attacked the enormous difficulties of three of the Studies with a light heart. The third and most difficult (op. 10, No. 8) was played with astonishing brilliancy. In the O sharp *Mazurka* and third *Scherzo* the pianist was less successful;

some of the poetry of the music was lost. Mdme. Menter's second recital takes place to-day, and the programme includes Beethoven's sonata (op. 109) and Schumann's *Etudes symphoniques*.

M. Vladimir de Pachmann gave his second pianoforte recital last Tuesday afternoon at St. James's Hall. We have often had occasion to speak of his wonderful interpretation of Chopin's music. At his first recital, on May 5, the whole of the programme was devoted to the works of the Polish composer. We could not, however, be present, for the Schubert symphony finished by Mr. Barnett was performed at the Crystal Palace the same afternoon, and to that priority was unquestionably due. Last Tuesday M. Pachmann played Bach's *Fantasia chromatique* and *Fugue* and Beethoven's variations in O minor. Both these pieces were given with neatness and elegance, but we missed the boldness and masculine energy which they so imperatively demand. Schubert's impromptu was taken at too rapid a rate, and the lovely melody was suggested rather than sung. Schumann's "Vogel als Prophet" showed grace, but not sufficient tenderness. Mendelssohn's *Rondo capriccioso* and Moscheles' Study in G gave the pianist an opportunity of showing how well he can play double notes and chromatic scale passages. The Chopin selection included the sonata in B flat minor (op. 35), the fourth *Scherzo* (op. 54), and three or four smaller pieces. In the sonata M. Pachmann was not at his best. We are, be it remembered, speaking of a great player, and comparing him with himself. The first movement was at times wanting in clearness, and the second in passion; while the Funeral March and the extraordinary *finale* were performed in a somewhat cold and perfunctory manner. As a technical display the *finale* was, however, most wonderful. The *Scherzo* was not given with sufficient brilliancy; but in the smaller pieces the pianist obtained great and well-deserved success. We have only to add that in pieces by Henselt, Liszt, and Raff he charmed the audience; and at the close received very hearty and enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Charles Hallé gave his first chamber-music concert, or recital, as it is still called, in the pleasant Grosvenor Gallery last Friday week. In a hall of moderate size, and surrounded by beautiful pictures, one listened with enjoyment to Schubert's quintet in C (op. 163), magnificently interpreted by Mdme. Norman Néruda, Herren Ries, Straus, Néruda, and Mr. R. Mendelssohn. The programme included Beethoven's sonata "Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour," played by Mr. Charles Hallé, Schumann's *Fantasiestücke* for piano and violin (op. 73), and Gade's interesting piano trio in F major (op. 42). The hall was well filled.

One word about the third Richter concert last Monday evening will suffice. There were no absolute novelties, but the very fine performances were much enjoyed by an exceptionally large audience. The "Schicksalslied" of Brahms was rendered in a most effective manner, especially as regards the orchestral playing. Beethoven's seventh symphony had full justice done to it. Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's second Scotch rhapsody was played, and well received. The date of the concert was the 21st, the day before the anniversary of Wagner's birth. Were not the two dates sufficiently near to suggest at least one Wagner piece, if not a Wagner programme? J. S. SHEDLOCK.

#### MUSIC NOTE.

THE committee of the Leeds Musical Festival have accepted for performance a nearly completed Cantata by Mr. Alfred Cellier, the words of which are taken from Gray's "Elegy." It was strongly recommended to them by Sir Arthur Sullivan, the conductor of the Festival.